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AS the New Republic goes to press the French and British armies are to all appearances waiting patiently for the Germans to renew their attack, and this inoffensive behavior is a cause of anxiety to many Americans, who understand the enormous advantage which a powerful and well preserved army obtains from keeping the undisputed initiative. But they should remember one pertinent consideration. General Foch's strategy may be an indication of strength no less than of weakness. It may well mean that the Allied High Command like that of the Germans has decided to fight for a decision this summer. If the Allied army counter-attacked now, it might obtain a local success which would embarrass any subsequent German offensive, but except at hideous expense it could hardly accomplish a decisive result. On the other hand if General Foch feels sure that he can stop a renewed German attack before it goes too far, while at the same time inflicting sufficiently heavy losses on the Germans, he may be deliberately tempting them either to exhaust themselves or overextend their line. In either case a sufficiently powerful counter attack launched at the right time and in the right place might force a drastic German retirement. Such apparently is the one way in which the Allies can during the coming summer actually defeat instead of merely check the Germans, and we hope General Foch is strong enough to adopt it. Moreover, it is a way which, however dangerous it may be, is based upon a sound estimate of the ultimate weakness of the German position. The German offensive, there are many reasons for believing, is an act of desperation, which must be pursued even after it ceases to achieve results commensurate with its cost. If consequently the Germans fail to obtain a victory, they can scarcely avoid exposing themselves to a disastrous defeat, providing only the Allied armies retain effective striking power. And with the aid which the American army will be able to render by the middle of June, General Foch may well be able to maintain a reserve of fresh troops which will be capable of striking back sufficiently hard to inflict a decisive defeat on a depleted and demoralized German army.

AMONG the forces impelling the German government to the desperate expedient of an offensive calculated to win all or lose all, too little importance is generally assigned to the financial difficulties that must follow upon a negotiated peace without indemnities or profitable annexations. From the outset German finance has rested upon the premise that the costs of the war were to be borne by the enemy. Working upon this premise, the German government naturally avoided raising the level of taxation. Why make the citizen part with his income to anticipate payments later to be levied upon England, France and Russia? Down

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to the present day the government has continued to assume that there was no ground for bothering about the principal of the debt, now exceeding thirty billions of dollars, more than one-third of the entire private wealth of the empire. Taxes have been raised, but only in the measure necessary to sustain the credit of the loans at home. What is of equal significance, the whole private credit system of Germany rests upon the tacit assumption of peace with indemnities. Every financial institution in Germany has its portfolios stuffed with paper that will prove valueless if foreign states cannot be compelled to pay indemnities. All the ruined German trading houses in belligerent and neutral countries are represented in Germany by stocks and discounted notes that form part of the volume of banking assets. The paper values of the ships we have seized are still kept alive by the German financial houses and serve as a basis for note issues. From such considerations it is not difficult to forecast the kind of financial collapse Germany must undergo unless she can succeed in dictating her own peace terms.

THANKS to the remarkable journalistic enterprise of the New York Times, the American reader may now see for himself the character of the Lichnowsky memorandum that has for weeks been engrossing political discussion in Germany. In itself the document offers little information on the causes of the war that is new to readers in the Allied countries. It demonstrates quite conclusively that this was a most unnecessary war; that the policy of Sir Edward Grey in the period preceding the war was directed sincerely toward a compromise that would have given Germany as much of a place in the sun as she could reasonably aspire to. Together with certain corroborative material contained in a letter written by Dr. Mühlon, formerly a Krupp director, also published by the Times, the Lichnowsky memorandum makes it quite clear that not the military party of Germany alone, but the Kaiser as well, really wanted nothing but war. They could have had a "diplomatic success" in Serbia, without resort to arms. But the forces in control of Germany were obsessed with the idea of a "preventive war." They wanted to strike Russia while she was still weak. While Vienna, according to the official German account, was proceeding on her own initiative, she had found "absolute assent among all the personages in authority; indeed, they added that there would be no harm if a war with Russia were to result." No harm! This is a point that will strike home with the German masses who have suffered more in the last four years than any people has suffered since the Thirty Years' War.

VICE-CHANCELLOR VON PAYER has assured the Reichstag Main Committee that "the Lichnowsky memorandum has no historical value whatever." The document may none the less have decided historical potency. For almost four years the German government has sedulously cultivated a defensive morale. Germany had been encircled by British diplomacy; Germany had been attacked; war had been thrust upon a pacific Kaiser: Germans of every social stratum had had these propositions ceaselessly dinned into their ears, and for the most part had honestly believed them. It is no wonder that the pan-German press is furiously demanding the prosecution on charge of treason of a German diplomat who has exposed the flimsiness of Germany's moral case. They may assert that the memorandum will have no effect beyond giving joy to Germany's enemies, but they know better. In the carefully guarded comments of Vorwärts it is not difficult to discern a spirit that the German government will not welcome. Of course Germany will hang together somehow in the face of the enemy, even though she recognizes that her original cause was a bad one. But once she recognizes this, it is questionable how long she will persevere in an attempt to realize the aggressive ambitions of a governing clique that has betrayed her.

PRESIDENT WILSON has once again earned the gratitude of the American people by acting decisively to check the spread of militarist hysteria in this country. His opposition to the proposed substitution of military for civil courts in trying cases of sedition is not only sound in itself, but in condemning "the court martial bill" he does not mince words. He declares that its enactment would "put us very nearly on the level of the very people we are fighting and affecting to despise." Early during the war the immediacy with which the Germans substituted military for civil courts in all cases which involved questions of loyalty was considered one of the clearest proofs of the wholly military character of Germany's political organization. Yet the very Americans who profess to consider the subordination of political to military authority in Germany as essentially pernicious are substantially the same people who are most eager to follow the German example. It is these people who are doing their utmost to inflame popular suspicion against all people of German extraction and consequently to encourage acts of persecution and lawlessness. If they had their way the United States would become a copy of Paris during the French Revolution and the life and personal security of the American people would be confided to a Committee of Public Safety and

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to military tribunals. The reign of the court martial and the diminution of the jurisdiction of the civil courts would not, as their apologists claim, provide a substitute for "patriotic" lawlessness. The only way to deal with such lawlessness is to suppress it. It is the result of a morbidly suspicious and intolerant mob-mind of which the proposal to limit the jurisdiction of the civil courts is only a more orderly expression. Martial law and lynch law would tend to reenforce rather than to exclude one another.

CHAIRMAN HURLEY of the Shipping Board has been both shrewd and fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Charles M. Schwab as general superintendent of the building programme of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Schwab is a man of unusual energy and ability, who has a great deal of experience both in shipbuilding and in managing large business enterprises; and doubtless he will do as much as any one man can to speed up the production of cargo boats. But it should be remembered that the quickest possible production of cargo boats is only to a small extent a one man job. Much of the current approval of the Schwab appointment exhibited a misunderstanding of the indispensable conditions of high efficiency in an undertaking such as that of building 6,000,000 tons of shipping during war. They were based on the Napoleonic myth—on the idea that a great warlike enterprise either at the frontier or in the rear can best be conducted by a leader of superhuman ability and energy. But desirable as it is to employ such men whenever they can be found, too much must not be expected from them. As the British soon discovered in the case of Lord Kitchener, these war-like enterprises are all fundamentally matters of administration, and success in administration depends more upon sound organization, skilled personnel and an excellent esprit de corps than upon the energy and ability of any one man. Mr. Schwab will succeed in so far as he is capable of perfecting an organization which at the end of a few months can dispense with his own services.

WHAT he will need to do above everything else is to pay more attention to recruiting, training, and keeping a sufficiently large and willing body of laborers. Notwithstanding the excellent work which has already been done by agents of the Shipping Board in removing grievances, settling strikes and in indicating the outlines of a comprehensive labor policy, nothing effective has as yet been done to remove the obstacles to high labor efficiency. The government has not succeeded in convincing the men of its own good faith or in persuading them to work hard and well. At the present moment there exists throughout the country a peculiarly dangerous condition of discontent and unrest on the part of labor—one which unless it is checked will result in many strikes during the spring and summer and the retardation of the whole war programme, including that of ships. It is this aspect of his job to which Mr. Schwab should give most attention, and about which he has most to learn. The labor policy of the Bethlehem Steel Company has had the reputation of being conspicuously unenlightened, and at the present moment, as Mr. William Hard points out elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Schwab's company as a consequence of a poor organization of its labor is producing gun carriages much less promptly than it could and should. If Mr. Schwab is to succeed in building ships faster than he is building gun carriages, he will have to conceive his job as not only a matter of good ship management, but as no less a matter of obtaining from his labor intelligent, steady and willing cooperation.

MAYOR HYLAN'S committee which was appointed to "investigate" the legal status of the several bureaus of the New York Health Department has recommended the suppression of the Bureau of Public Health Education with its budget of $11,000. The purpose of this recommendation is apparently to justify the work of the committee by proposing some measure of economy, but the recommendation itself reveals the indifference or the ignorance of the committee as to the method whereby public health must be conserved in all large cities. No well organized and alert health department can get along without the assistance of educational propaganda. It can deal with diseases such as cholera, smallpox, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, beri-beri, and the like under the police powers and by means of isolation in special hospitals and in private premises. But in a democracy the police power can be used only to a limited extent, and the major if not the most important work in protecting the public health must be carried on by publicity and by education. Unless the people are helped to understand the etiology of the preventable diseases, they will not sustain the appropriation of the large amounts of money needed for rendering water supplies free of typhoid, for building tuberculosis sanatoria, for the destruction of rats, mosquitoes, flies and other insects which carry the germs of plague and typhus, malaria and yellow fever, dysentery and infant diarrhea. Unless they have been convinced that medical school inspection contributes to the welfare of children, that babies' health stations save hundreds of thousands of infants from death, that milk

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and food inspection guards against many loathsome or wasting diseases, the work of the health department will lack that sympathy and support from the public which is indispensable to its success. It is this aspect of the work which the Mayor's Committee proposes to destroy, and which if it is destroyed would result in the gravely diminished ability of the whole department to prevent the spread of diseases among the poor of the city.

The Great Tour de Force

AMONG the many things one would like but is forbidden to know during these critical days is what is going on beneath the surface in the minds of the German people. Their immediate attention, like that of the other fighting nations, is, of course, fastened on the carnage and vicissitudes of the Flemish and French battlefields, and no doubt they are for the time being as much fascinated by the hope of victory as their enemies are by the fear of defeat. Until the stupendous effort of their military machine to reach a decision either succeeds or fails, they will not know what or how to think. But is this all? Are they not passing a subconscious moral judgment on this appalling culmination of the world war? After the prolonged privations and the suffering which they are conscious of having wrought and endured, after the sobering influence of the domestic and international peace parleys which have been taking place during the past eighteen months, they are less possessed by the blind patriotic fanaticism with which they started the war. They have recently been sharing with the belligerent peoples the news and hopes of a better world in which so much demoralizing anxiety and so much wanton suffering does not have to be. So that beneath any exultation which they may feel over the recent proofs of German military prowess, is not the ground prepared for the subsequent realization of the consequences to themselves and to the other peoples of the victory under prevailing political conditions of their own armies? Are they not being chastened to understand that in undertaking this devastating offensive, rather than in using their success in Russia as an excuse for offering acceptable terms of peace, their rulers have acted as only men would act who are engaged in a desperate and indefensible military adventure? Their blood is being poured out for a military decision which, if it were obtained, would involve their own continued subjugation and the compromising for an indefinite future of popular liberty and democratic aspirations.

If the German military machine is able to win a victory, there is slight chance of a favorable answer to the foregoing question, but if it loses the great gamble, surely the German people will awake and will exact from its rulers a drastic and sufficient penalty. The present offensive is taking place on a background of popular psychology different from that which has conditioned the previous military enterprises of the present war. The German High Command launched it at a time when all the armies and peoples were sick of slaughter and when they were enervated by the tension and the physical and moral exhaustion of so many years of ruthless warfare. It succeeded in concentrating for the purpose a volume of troops, guns and munitions unprecedented even during these days of prodigious antecedent preparation. It is now spending materials and life at a rate which is probably greater than on any previous occasion and which, if it were not greater, is certainly costlier, because materials and human life have become more than ever scarce and valuable.

That the Germans should have started with such a terrific attack on so extended a front, that they should have followed up their initial victory with such a series of quick, powerful and successful onslaughts, that during the first five weeks of fighting they should conquer more French territory than the combined French and British succeeded in reconquering during three and a half years—all this is sufficient proof of the colossal moral and physical effort which preceded and accompanied the present offensive. Never since the war began have the Germans seemed so much like supermen as they do at this moment. Yet never have their advantages over their enemies been so clearly traceable merely to superiority in organization, in geographical position and in the ability to apply the results of scientific research to the work of war and peace. Unlike supermen they are not exempt from the law of compensation. They will pay and demand a price for the strain put upon their humanity. Their government is calling for incredible efforts and sacrifices in order to reach a decision, but it is calling for this expenditure at a time and under conditions which will make the German people fearfully and grimly conscious of the ghastly cost. If the enterprise fails, the inhuman intensity of the effort will be followed by an equally intense and unprecedented revulsion of feeling.

The present offensive is not only a military tour de force, comparable in sustained energy of execution to Napoleon's campaign of 1814, but in its relation to the prevailing policies and psychology of the war, it is no less a moral, or, if you please, a wholly immoral tour de force. The men who conceived it, planned it and are carrying it out have overreached themselves. They have committed

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the consummate act of violence, which, however dangerous it may be to their foreign enemies, is far more likely to be ruinous to themselves. They are furnishing the German nation with an overwhelming demonstration of the unlimited price which its rulers are willing to pay for the privilege of dominating Europe; and inasmuch as that price includes not only the infliction of so much suffering on other peoples and the cultivation of such widespread and bitter resentment against Germany, but the imposition on the German people themselves of such incredible exertions and sacrifices, we believe that in the end, or before the end, German human nature will flinch and perhaps rebel. While the rebellion would not necessarily take the form of a revolution as long as the war lasted, it should avail to deprive the German government of the material with which successfully to continue the war. If the offensive is, as we take it to be, an act of physical and moral desperation, to which the opponents of the government were obliged to yield, it will leave its perpetrators physically prostrate and morally enervated.

No German liberal who really believed in the "no annexations and no indemnities" programme of last summer can regard the present offensive as anything but the instrument of political policy of sheer aggression. As long as the Russian monarchy with its hordes of obedient subjects and its clearly imperialist ambitions threatened them in the east, an aggressive military strategy might plausibly be presented as the weapon of a defensive political policy, but the pretext ceased to be plausible when the revolution transformed Russia into a helpless and disorganized democracy. If the German government had aimed to win the abiding friendship of the Russian people and to connect their own future freedom and security with the freedom and security of other nations, the peace negotiations with the Bolsheviki supplied it with a perfect opportunity. It could have managed by means of those negotiations to obtain a settlement of the political problems of the eastern frontier which was fair to Russia, which embodied principles of general application, and which would have tended to avoid future unrest; and by acting in this way it would have compelled the Allied governments to negotiate a general peace of the same general description. The western democratic peoples would not have continued to fight a Power which proved its good faith by refraining from taking advantage of a temporary military preponderance to impose an unjust peace on a neighboring people.

Instead, however, of using the negotiations with Russia as a stepping stone to general conciliation, the German government used them as material with which to build a barrier against a general or a just international settlement. It allowed its generals to dictate its statesmanship. By treating so much of Russia as conquered territory it left the Russian nation no choice between being the victim of Germany or her implacable enemy, and this peace which was practically written with the point of the sword could only be defended by the sword. The rest of the world must be compelled to accept it. The present offensive was not only rendered possible by the Russian disintegration, but its minimum object is to wring from the western Powers their consent to German domination in Russia. Its war aims have ceased to be shrouded in a decent ambiguity. They are revealed as frankly and unmistakably aggressive.

Thus the most colossal military offensive of the German General Staff, the one which is placing the greatest strain on the moral endurance of the German people, is being carried on in the interest of a no less offensive political programme. Not satisfied with the results of the creation of one Alsace-Lorraine in the west, the German rulers are now seeking to establish three or four more at the expense of Russia, and they are expecting by so doing to perpetuate a world in which their political and military system will possess the best chance of survival. But unless we are very much mistaken they have, by running so true to form, been tempted into a self-revelation, which will in the end unloose their hold on their own people. Just as the eyes of so many American Socialists have been opened by the eastern treaties to the disastrous consequences of a German victory, so the German people are being taught an awful lesson as to the nature of the gods to whom the hecatombs of the Somme and the Yser are being offered up. They have been assured again and again of the defensive objects of German foreign policy. Yet when the opportunity came to do away with the worst threat to the security of the German nation, their rulers wrote a series of treaties whose survival will force the Russian people to protect themselves by arming aggressively against Germany. These treaties and the offensive by which the government is trying to safeguard its work are, consequently, equivalent to a moral coup d'état, perpetrated against the German people by their rulers. There is being done to death in France at the present time not only what remains of the young manhood of Germany but the defense psychology of the German people, which had been so sedulously cultivated only to be so flagrantly betrayed. Their ruling class has adopted the one perfect method of convincing the German people of the truth of President Wilson's diagnosis and the necessity of his remedy. Is it not finally revealing the impossible violence which it is willing to commit against all

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that is most human in human nature? Is it not finally preparing the German people to contemplate even defeat, if by so doing they can relieve themselves of such remorseless and insatiable masters?

Organize American Man Power

OUT of the horrors and the agonies of the greatest of battles the hope of the civilized world is rising clearer. The German offensive is making no such progress as the General Staff must have anticipated in deciding upon it. Allied resistance is steadily stiffening; the possibility of crushing the British army is becoming more and more remote. But if Germany fails now, she must face a future growing rapidly more ominous. The one chief factor of Allied weakness in the last three years, separatism in military command and political aims, has disappeared. With French, British, American and Italian forces under a common command, with the accumulating evidence that all the Allies have accepted the democratic and international aims most fully expressed by President Wilson, the anti-German coalition has become a unity no less organic than Germany herself. Victory can be won. And the victory will be, not a series of nationalistic gains and compromises, with democracy and internationalism only incidentally advanced, but actually an unqualified triumph of right over the last and most desperate attempt of might to assert its primacy in the affairs of men. For such a victory America can give everything she possesses. She cannot in honor give less than her utmost.

There is now no longer ground for doubting that in the next twelve months ships can be found to transport to France not less than 2,000,000 men in addition to all the troops now in training. Two million men added to the present and prospective Allied preponderance can make next summer's campaign decisive, if indeed the mere certainty of their advent does not in the meantime produce a collapse of German military power. We must then have two million men called to the colors, and at the earliest possible date. There is not too much time for training them, and we should be forever disgraced if next year's fighting should open with America lagging behind.

Our most imperative obligation is to put more men in training, but it is an obligation scarcely less imperative to increase our production of ships and guns and munitions, to mine more coal, to improve our transportation facilities, to produce more food. Both obligations cry insistently for more man power. Where is it to be had? Only through an organization of our human resources, sufficiently thoroughgoing to make possible the elimination of the waste involved in unemployment or underemployment, in the unnecessary shifting about of men employed, and above all, in the continued operation of industries supplying non-essentials. Those wastes, all agree, are colossal. If we could check them we should be able to find all the men we need for our armies, and for the expansion of necessary industries as well.

The military authorities are in the way of a solution of their own immediate industrial requirements. If there is a call for machinists or truck drivers or meat handlers, the military authorities are in a position to select from their registry of enlisted men precisely those who are best fitted by previous training for the work in hand. Why cannot a similar method be applied to the problem of civil labor, they ask. Must we blunder along with highly trained mechanics often at work on tasks that could be turned over to men with quickly improvised skill, while at many points it is necessary to hold up essential work while mechanics are being trained? Must one munitions industry continue to tempt labor away from another or from the equally vital industries of transportation or food production, instead of drawing immediately upon the personnel of the non-essential industries? Must able bodied men continue in employments where women's labor could be made to answer? No doubt all these matters would adjust themselves with time. The lure of high wages in the industries receiving government contracts, the restriction by taxation and bond issues of purchasing power available for the maintenance of unessential industries, work toward a reorganization of man power on a war basis. But this natural process of readjustment is time-consuming, and time is of the essence of victory.

Why indeed should we not register our whole population of productive age, men from eighteen to fifty-five, and women too, with a view to ascertaining present employment, previous experience, physical condition, mental equipment? The task would not be measurably more difficult than that of registering all males of military age. Such a man power registry, supplemented by an industrial survey which could be drawn up quite satisfactorily by existing agencies, would serve to show us exactly what labor resources we have, and where they are to be found. We should know, for example, how many first class carpenters we have and how large a percentage of them are engaged in construction that might without national injury be postponed until the war is over. If it appeared that we had not enough to perform all the carpentry work involved in our shipbuilding, cantonment and war housing

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programmes, we could proceed intelligently and without prejudice to the trade in diluting skilled labor with unskilled.

A universal registry would be invaluable for the purposes of industrial mobilization for war. It would also be invaluable for the purposes of demobilization after the war is over. Peace, it may be said, will take care of itself; our present preoccupation is war. Yes: but when we are seeking to arouse ourselves out of the inertia that handicaps us in war, it is not an irrelevant consideration that action conducive to national efficiency in war is also conducive to the renewal of prosperity in peace. When the soldiers return to take their places in industry, and the munitions plants close down, throwing their tens of thousands out of employment, something more will be expected of government than a merely benevolent attitude toward industry. We shall be bound, as a nation, to act energetically to fit back into the economic order of peace the men who have served us faithfully in our armies and our war industries. What chance is there that this work will be done efficiently unless we have at our command just such information as a universal labor registry would afford?

But, it may be said, a registry of man power, however technically advantageous to the country, would give rise to grave political difficulties. Labor would be suspicious of such a proceeding. Labor would indeed be suspicious, and rightly so, unless labor registration were made part of a general labor policy, founded on the principle that the interests of labor enlisted for war service ought to be as fully protected as are in fact the interests of property taken over by the state for war purposes.

We hear altogether too much talk of the conscription of labor to find cause for wonder in the reluctance of laborers to entertain anything like a comprehensive plan of man-power organization. There are too many persons who look to coercion as a sovereign remedy for strikes in time of war. Now, even if we were justified in assuming that the strike is one of the major difficulties to be met in reorganizing the nation for efficiency, we should still hesitate to apply so drastic a method as conscription of labor when there are much simpler and safer methods of industrial adjustment at hand. Let us bear in mind that a strike does not signify that men are unwilling to work, but merely that they are unwilling to work under conditions that their employers—also private persons—consider most conductive to their own prosperity. A strike is essentially nothing more than a struggle between wages and profits, and to urge that the state should employ coercion in support of profits is strangely to interpret the mission of the war.

We ought not to have men out on strike at a time like this. But it is a conservative estimate that for one man out on strike we have a score at least who are involuntarily unemployed, or employed in positions that do not exploit their best abilities, and another hundred engaged in processes we could dispense with for the present. These are the great wastes we need to stop. And we can stop them without applying the least measure of coercion. We have only to make known to the unemployed the points where employment is to be had, facilitate their movement to such points and take off the shoulders of the employer who is doing our work so much as may be necessary of the burden involved in breaking in new labor. As for the laborers engaged in the production of non-essentials, they will be happy to transfer themselves to the essential industries if we will find them employment and insure them against loss in the period of transition. We have in this case not only the power of attraction, but a power of propulsion as well, since employment in the non-essential industry would inevitably be restricted.

To renounce once for all the method of coercion, of conscription of labor, would go far toward reconciling labor to a general registration. But more is required to secure the full cooperation of labor, without which registration would be little more than a paper project. What we need especially to overcome is the waste entailed by the shifting of labor from one essential industry to another. But this process of shifting, as matters stand, plays an important part in the adjustment of wages to changing conditions. So long as he runs no risk of losing his labor force the average employer is not disposed to raise wages, even if living costs mount rapidly upward, as they are doing today. Stabilizing employment would therefore work to the disadvantage of labor, unless it were attended by a scheme of labor administration that would be competent to revise rates of pay when changing conditions made existing rates inadequate. We need to distribute our limited supplies of skilled labor in such a way that no necessary enterprise is handicapped by an absolute shortage while other enterprises employ skilled labor at tasks for which unskilled labor might be made to answer. But such a dilution of skilled labor with unskilled might easily work to the permanent disadvantage of the trade, and ought to be held to the narrowest possible limits and be offset by increases in pay that would confer upon labor a share in the profit incidentally created.

To organize our man power for the maximum possible military and industrial effort is just now our most insistent national obligation. Universal registration is a necessary means to this end. Having all our human resources thus surveyed, we

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should be in a position to place them where they would most efficiently serve the national purposes, through an intelligent and flexible labor administration operating on the principle that the American workman does not need to be coerced to serve his country in industry, but will gladly give the best that is in him if he can be fully assured that his legitimate interests will not be prejudiced by such dispositions as the government finds necessary. Those interests, let us remember, are difficult to maintain, at best, as against the much better co-ordinated interests of capital, and we have no right to charge the working class with lack of zeal for the national cause if it insists that a premise of every proposed policy in a war to safeguard democracy should be improvement rather than deterioration in the lot of American labor. There is no inherent contradiction between organizing man power and safeguarding the interests of labor, and, as matters stand now in the world, we cannot afford to allow a factitious contradiction to delay action for a single day.

The Problem of Morale

THAT this war is a competition in morale is everywhere acknowledged. Hindenburg recognized it at the outset and predicted victory for the steadier German nerves. Spokesmen of the Allies early affirmed that the certainty of the righteousness of their cause would sustain their arms while the enemy faltered and that a moral purpose would energize the final victorious blow. Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris *Matin*, has assured us with almost extravagant emphasis that morale is the supreme equipment, and that with sufficiently firm and high morale all things are possible. Speaking for the English, Sir George Adam Smith declares that our great contribution to the Allied cause, a contribution already worth many legions, has been a fresh flood of energy from Wilson's moral idealism. Indeed all who have thought about it are agreed that the decision rests not merely with guns, men, shells, finance or even ships but more than ever with moral conviction and high purpose. The war will be won by an enduring moral enthusiasm.

This truth is sometimes obscured by a common fallacy of military minds that tends to regard individual soldiers merely as so many uniform mechanical units, responsive only to orders. True, the soldier's immediate personal preferences about the way he should fight are of little account and for efficiency's sake must be ruled out. But soldiers are men with passions, ideals and no great general fails to take account of this fact. We need only to cite Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and the incomparable Joan of Arc. Their victories were in no small way due to their power of engaging to the full the force of morale.

Although American morale may be perfectly secure in its essentials, yet to assume that it is and always will be an automatic force operating continuously at one hundred per cent efficiency is to be careless about some plain teaching of this novel and dreadful war. We can afford to be careless about nothing. Disasters in this and every war have turned on some one being sure where nothing is absolutely sure. Other morales equally confident with our own have been damaged. The collapse of Russian morale under long suffering and enemy intrigue is perhaps the greatest tragedy of the war. It was through a psychologically engined breach in Italian morale that the Germans poured into the Venetian plain. Even among the stubborn British there has been a deal of grousing, while noble and heroic France was seriously shaken in 1917. Who dares to question the bravery of the French? And yet these nations felt a stimulus to morale which our soldiers cannot know for they were contending with a brutal invader in defense of their very homes. Our national imagination is weakened by spatial remoteness and not all of our soldiers yet see how genuinely this is a war for national defense.

It is true that many of our men have gone over with a dashing determination to "Bust Hell out of the Kaiser." So the gallant French marched to the shambles of Charleroi with the cry "On to Berlin" and the Germans as they raced to disaster on the Marne cried "Tomorrow in Paris." Although "Remember the Maine" served fairly well in what James called our "squalid little parade ground war" with Spain, our new war cry "Berlin or bust" will be subject to far more severe and prolonged strain. These slogans cannot survive mud, gas, lice, the terrific pounding of bombardments by the month from unseen and stubborn enemies.

The Anglo-Saxon disposition to clean up a dirty job thoroughly is more promising, but it is not enough. Even the sporting instinct, though it worked miracles at Mons and elsewhere, is hardly sufficient for years of exhausting strain. Hate, dread, revenge, are insufficient in the face of such stupendous tragedy, nor is their military efficiency so very considerable. Unless founded upon true ideas and a rationalized moral purpose our patriotism is weak and inefficient.

It is a plain fact that although many of our soldiers are going into battle with a sober and intelligent determination, a far greater number are not quite sure what it is all about. Not all of our

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officers could enlighten them, for too many of them still have the regimental or divisional point of view. Too often they have shown annoyance and reluctance when General Pershing's prior and imperative demands for special men interfered with the perfection of their own units. If many of them realize the monstrous horrors already done in the name of Prussian militarism, still more have been absorbed in an exacting routine that has left them no opportunity to look abroad to the supreme issues. While most of them dread a Germanized peace, too few are fired with the passion to make this the last war. And yet an almost holy resolution that this dreadful thing shall never be again has repeatedly inspired to incredible feats of courage and endurance. Such a precious force as morale, the principal source of great victories, the prime essential in long wars, must not be left to chance, to conversation, newspapers or the general understanding, nor should the force of morale be left to the various extra military organizations for exploitation, but should have the immediate attention of the High Command.

We scorn the German stupidity in miscalculating the force of the imponderables. Are we bending every effort to see that these imponderables are properly organized and concentrated? A merely defensive morale such as might easily develop will never bring the sort of victory needed. Not dread, nor obedience, nor hate, nor the spirit of adventure is sufficient. What is indispensable is a high consciousness that fuses all these motives into a higher single one, the resolution to do and dare everything for the sake of a decent moral future for all humanity.

We have not indeed wholly disregarded the requirements of morale. On this side every billboard capitalizes war emotion. Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty protecting our children do properly thrill the community spirit and the parental instinct, although they do not contribute much to understanding the conditions of real liberty or sensitizing our obligations to a world community. Too few of our posters have visualized our deepest purpose to make a world safe for democracy. And even the utterances of the President are constantly garbled, falling on deaf ears and hearts unaccustomed to such magnificent idealism. Our soldiers as a whole are not prepared here for the fullest understanding of the moral purposes of this war. And moral ideas alone can give the staunchest and most enduring support through trying months. They alone can make our troops real Crusaders.

On the other side our boys are splendidly fed. The Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus are doing magnificent work, almost beyond praise. We have arranged for the full quota of chaplains. Concerted singing calls up the great and inspiring communal instinct. Yet this is only the rudimentary form of democracy. Religion calls forth profound and noble emotion. But many do not respond and in itself it is not sufficiently explicit to formulate the special political ideals for which this war is being fought. Letters and books help prodigiously, but none of these things separately or together can provide that full power and sustained energy that comes from knowledge.

Common Sense and the I.W.W.

IN commenting upon the growth of the I. W. W. in the mining and timber sections of the west, the New Republic has repeatedly emphasized the analogy between this social phenomenon and communicable disease. The rebellious propaganda of the I. W. W., we have suggested, is born not of the perversity of malicious individuals, but of unhealthy social conditions for which we as a democratic people are responsible. Under the older dispensation—which still holds sway in the U. S. Senate, in Liberty Committees and certain Employers Associations in the face of social unrest—it was customary to attempt to exorcise the demons of leprosy, typhoid or small-pox by persecuting the victims of the disease. Modern sanitarians know that the appearance of typhoid in an individual is a sure indication of defective public supervision over the water or milk supply or the channels of food distribution. The real responsibility for the spread of communicable disease is not upon the afflicted individuals but upon the public health organization.

Similarly, the I. W. W., in so far as its tendencies are anti-social, is a sure indication of social and economic maladjustments for which we as a democratic community are primarily responsible. So long as we persist in expiating our own sins of omission by persecuting the individual victims of our defective economic organization, the forces of rebellious discontent will grow as certainly as epidemics spread under the old demon-exorcising and witchcraft polity.

This point of view, this theory that the solution of such social maladies as the I. W. W. movement symptomizes must be modelled on the practice of modern scientific sanitarians and social psychologists, underlies the able programme for the social and economic rehabilitation of our national and agricultural lands which Mr. Benton Mackaye has worked out for the U. S. Department of Labor. The immediate occasion for the publication of an abstract of Mr. Mackaye's forthcoming report on the entire subject of land colonization, is the neces-

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sity which the United States in common with other belligerent nations has before it of providing for the returning soldier and for the worker whose normal occupation has been dislocated by the war. The device of soldier's scrip, which was used to place the disbanded soldiers of the Civil War on homestead lands, belongs with the old order of land legislation which resulted in the disintegration of most of the public domain and must, in Mr. Mackaye's judgment, be replaced by a modern policy of economic and social integration.

The war has given an emergent character to the demand for such a policy. But the problem with which Mr. Mackaye deals, antedates the war. It is as old as the industrial conditions which have produced our millions of casual migratory workers, our "ten day miners" and "hobo lumberjacks" to whom the I. W. W. creed has become a bond of groping fellowship. The policy of reconstruction, the plan for relocating the dislocated worker as well as the returning soldier which Mr. Mackaye has worked out, which the Department of Labor has endorsed and which Representative Robert Crosser, of Ohio, has incorporated in a national colonization bill, is based upon a thoroughgoing analysis of these conditions.

Mr. Mackaye says nothing about the I. W. W.; but he has a great deal to say about the blind economic processes that have broken and demoralized millions of workers and cast them adrift. The handling of timber lands has been on a semi-gambling basis. The lumbering industry which has passed in great waves from the northeastern States to the Great Lakes, then to the Gulf States, and is now shifting its centre to the Pacific Northwest, "has had but one chief object—to shovel out the timber." Instead of timber culture, we have had wild-cat land speculation and "timber mining." One valley after another has been cut off and left empty—one region after another has been largely depleted of its forest stock. . . . The effect of this condition on the future supply of wood is obvious; its effect upon social and labor conditions is equally demoralizing. The "timber mining" industry is essentially migratory; hence employment therein is essentially unstable. The lumberjack must live in a camp, and the man with a family is excluded. "Timber mining" being itself a tramp industry, is a breeder of tramps; it is an industry of homeless men.

From the point of view of national security now and in the future, that one excerpt from Mr. Mackaye's analysis is worth more than the entire indictment of the Department of Justice against the I. W. W. leaders now on trial in Chicago for revolting against the intolerable by-products of timber mining and crass speculation in public lands. And the practical test of its soundness is that it is an integral part of a scientific diagnosis which has inspired a convincingly sound policy for the social and economic rehabilitation of our national timber and agricultural lands. One of the main objects of this policy as approved by the Department of Labor is to make lumbering a continuous industry so "that the forest workers may at all times live in their homes with their families, and maintain a community life." It is designed to develop the population supported by the forests and sawmills into normal communities, instead of mere bunkhouse towns, by the enforcement of two or three fundamental standards—provision for voting and self-government, for schools and for social and economic cooperation among the workers. Mr. Mackaye believes that permanent forest communities based upon continuous employment would convert the lumberjack from a hobo into a family man, and that with this conversion many of the labor difficulties in the lumber industry would disappear. The social malady of which the I. W. W. happens at the moment to be the most conspicuous symptom, would pass with the anti-social conditions that breed it.

The Department of Labor, in putting out the results of Mr. Mackaye's investigation, announces its readiness to develop a policy "which will lead, rather than follow, the other countries of the world in their own advanced policies of utilizing land and resources for the benefit of the returning soldier and the worker." In this great task it solicits the fullest cooperation. No programme of reconstruction and preparedness against the problems which will face the country after the war has been promulgated by any governmental department more deserving of the unstinted support of the public, the press and Congress than this.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

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Cannon—Whose Fault

Congressional Criticism—I

I STOOD in the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company about four in the afternoon and watched a great multitude of men making gun-carriages.

A gun-carriage sounds simple. True, it includes the mechanism for raising the gun and for lowering it, and the mechanism for swinging it from side to side, and the mechanism for aiming it, and, above all, the recoil-mechanism, for receiving it as it leaps backward after a shot and for returning it to position quickly and gently and precisely. And, true, we have had more difficulty with gun-carriages than with guns, in manufacture. Still, a gun-carriage sounds simple. And various Senators are now surprised and alarmed because it has taken us a year to begin to get real deliveries of certain gun-carriages, with their guns.

I am surprised and alarmed, too. But I am excusable. I am not a member of Congress. Congress was informed and warned over and over again. Let it never be forgotten that on March 11th, 1912, for instance, in the hearings on the Army Appropriation bill, General Crozier, then Chief of Ordnance, said specifically:

"I do not think we could count on getting a battery delivered in less than a year from the time the order was given. It is the slowest manufacture of any of the fighting material we need."

He spoke in vain. He always spoke in vain. Even under the Presidency of Roosevelt he spoke in vain. In 1906 he presented a modest estimate of $1,200,000 for field artillery. The Secretary of War himself cut it to $600,000.

When George Creel was reported the other day to have lifted up his voice to Almighty God and to have offered Him a sacrifice of praise for that we had not prepared ourselves to kill our fellow-men, the Republican party, instead of attacking Mr. Creel, should have sent him a shower of tube-roses for services rendered in helping to deodorize its own dead past.

Because of Republicans, because of Democrats, because of all of us, it came to pass, when we went into this war, that the whole long historic art of designing guns and gun-carriages was represented among us by just two small groups of men. One of these groups was in the Ordnance Department at Washington. The other was in the Bethlehem Steel Company. The Bethlehem Steel Company was the only private company in America having a real gun-design and gun-carriage-design staff. It consisted of four or five men. And every one of those four or five men had come recently from the Ordnance Department at Washington. And the number of men in the Ordnance Department at Washington doing the designing-work, the originating-work, now done by the Ordnance Department's Engineering Bureau, was eight. The Engineering Bureau now contains some five hundred officers. All such work was then done by eight officers. And not one of those eight had ever been permitted by Congress to make a design and then to carry it out in practice in genuine *quantity-production,* so as to cure it of all unnecessary impediments to rapidity in manufacture.

Congress did its best to confine our designers to theory. It made them as theoretical as it could. And now it turns upon them, officers of our old army, men who learned the art of ordnance for us when it was one of the most despised and discouraged arts in America, men now teaching that art to hundreds and to thousands of their fellow-Americans, spreading it painfully from factory to factory, learning the actual large-scale practice of it themselves as they go, learning methods, teaching principles, founding a new industry, laboring at it to the breaking of their strength every day and far into every night in faithful loyalty to the spirit which put them into our uniform, committing errors, struggling out of errors into successes—Congress turns upon them and, through various Senators and various Representatives, tears their personal professional reputations to tatters and tries to expose them to the country for a set of chair-warming, theory-spinning, war-delaying, stone-headed imbeciles.

Of course these officers have made mistakes, but is the Ordnance Department to be the scape-goat for all the mistakes and all the misfortunes of all of us in all the past and in all the present? Let us lift our eyes and look beyond Washington for a moment. Let us look, for instance, at Bethlehem.

Those gun-carriages I was examining that afternoon at Bethlehem are gun-carriages of a British model. They have been in production for a long time. The Company is perfectly familiar with them. It made them for the British. Now it makes them for us. It knows them through and through. Yet it has its grievous disappointments with them.

Last January it expected, everybody concerned expected, with reason, that today we should be getting a certain number of those carriages, completed, every week. We are getting, in fact, just

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about two-thirds of that number. Our production is at least thirty per cent below our expectations. Whose fault?

Is it the fault of the Ordnance Department? The Ordnance Department has ordered no new changes in detail, no new causes of delay, whatsoever.

Is it the fault of the company? The company knows more about gun-carriages than any other company in America and it naturally yearns for maximum product and maximum pay.

Whose fault? At about four o'clock there was a great stamping of feet. The day shift was going off. I waited to see the evening shift come on. It came on. But there was hardly anybody in it. It was a mere squad, on that floor and on every other floor of that shop, in comparison with the great regiment which had marched away. And I inquired and I learned:

Shift One, from midnight to morning, is amply filled. Shift Two, from morning to afternoon, is also amply filled. But Shift Three, from afternoon to midnight, is not filled at all. The company calls for men. They do not come. And, from afternoon to midnight, for eight hours, every day, in our most experienced gun-carriage plant, our gun-carriage programme stands frozen.

Will Congress say how to thaw it out, how to make it run? Should we build long rows of new houses in Bethlehem? Should we lay more interurban tracks and get more interurban cars to carry workmen to Bethlehem from neighboring towns? Should we close down the luxury industries of eastern Pennsylvania and force their employees by starvation into Bethlehem? Should we erect dormitories and hire matrons and bring a few thousand women volunteers into Bethlehem? Should we commandeer the Bethlehem plant and round it out with United States employees on the civil service list or even with United States employees in uniform? Or would we then destroy the proper balance between our effort at Bethlehem and our efforts elsewhere?

Will Congress resolve these questions? Will it pass a little resolution suggesting to the President a little plan for the balanced organization of our war-energy? Will it tell the officers in the Ordnance Department just how far they should go in putting new employees into munitions-plants when new employees are equally demanded by equally essential industries such as railways and agriculture?

It is a task far beyond the Ordnance Department. It is a task of total national organization. Will Congress address itself to such tasks? Sometimes. It addressed itself to them, last winter, in the comprehensive speeches made on governmental organization at Washington by Senator Hitchcock, for instance, and Senator Chamberlain and Senator Weeks and Senator Wadsworth. But now where are we?

Last month Senator Lodge made his famous attack on the Ordnance Department. We must respect Senator Lodge. But what was his attack? It was just one paragraph long. It dealt with three matters.

First. "We have no guns in France, except a few old coast-guns which we sent out early and for which the French are making carriages." What are the facts about those coast-guns? Senator Lodge implies that we sent them for ourselves. We did not. We sent them for the French, at the request of the French. Senator Lodge says that the French are making the carriages for them. They are not. Those carriages contain many parts. All those parts, or virtually all of them, are being made over here, at the request of the French. They will merely be assembled over there, as suggested by the French. The whole transaction is a French transaction, done in exact and prompt accordance with French wishes.

Second. "We have no guns in France. We are using French guns. That is the hard fact." Yes. And General Crozier told Congress years ago that it would be the hard fact. He said it would take us a year to begin to produce.

And there is yet another hard fact. It is shipping.

During the year since we went to war we have managed, after all, to produce some guns. By luck, for instance, the British were already making those British-model guns and gun-carriages at Bethlehem. We have a considerable little flock of them now for ourselves. And we have some other guns, too. Why do we not take them all and ship them to France? Why do we keep guns in this country which are ready for shipment and have long been ready for shipment? The reason is excellent. It is compelling.

We cannot ship everything to France that we would like to ship to France. We are not possessed of the necessary shipping-space. The amount of space allotted to the Ordnance Department this month is pitiful. We must choose between certain things and certain other things. The things which the British and the French cannot possibly let us have we must do our best to send. We can hold back on the things they are capable of furnishing. Therefore, considering our infirmity in cannon and considering our insufficiency in shipping, the British and the French themselves made the proposal which General Bliss reported last year from London in words as follows:

"With a view to securing the ultimate maximum

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development of supplies with the minimum strain upon available tonnage, the representatives of Great Britain and of France propose that the American artillery be supplied during 1918, and as long after as may be found convenient, from British and French gun-factories."

It is a national humiliation. We have depended, for cannon, on the Allies. We have failed, except in scattered instances, to ship cannon. But whose fault? Does Senator Lodge mention shipping? Not at all. Does he try to prove that we could have produced more cannon anyhow, for future shipment? He does. And this is his proof:

Third. "We decided to make the French 75-millimeter gun. We got the French plans. They gave us everything, including the recoil, and six months were wasted while we were trying to improve the best recoil in the best gun in the world, and now we have no guns. We have gone back to the French plans with six golden wasted months behind us."

I respectfully subjoin:

We did not, in fact, spend six months, or six days, or six minutes, trying to improve the French recoil. We started to produce our own recoil in our own carriage. We encountered difficulties in manufacture. Our Ordnance Department designers are not familiar with quantity-rapidity-production. Our manufacturers are not familiar with quantity-rapidity-production. We may encounter equal difficulties in manufacturing the French carriage. We do not know. In any case, we did, in fact, encounter difficulties in manufacturing our own carriage. We therefore decided in December to put the French carriage into production. The drawings for this carriage were not fully in our hands till February. Every part of it was under contract to American manufacturers almost immediately thereafter. We now have two guesses on carriages. Some manufacturers are working at our own carriage. We are making it at Bethlehem, for instance, and at the Rock Island Arsenal. Other manufacturers are working at the French carriage. This is the thing as it happened. Does Senator Lodge's speech tell it as it happened?

This year, next to ships, and close after ships, we must produce cannon. And how are we going after it? We are thinking less of organization, of national organization, in government and in industry, than we were last January. We are haggling over the details of the Overman Bill. We do not give the President the power to organize the country. We do not, through Congress, ourselves organize the country. And we fill the gap by attacking individual sets of technical officers for technical mistakes they have made and for technical mistakes they have never made.

In succeeding articles I hope to tell a few short tales of the development of artillery in America, with a few glances at our prospects for artillery in quantity quickly now at the front. In the meantime, I make my guess that in the matter of artillery, as in the matter of machine-guns, Congress will never come out top-dog in a fight with the Ordnance Department on technical points. What Congress cannot conceivably give us is technology. What it could help to give us, by pressure on the White House and by cooperation with the White House, is a central national organization under which technology, along with everything else, would go forward faster and better toward Victory.

WILLIAM HARD.

An Appeal for the Third Liberty Loan

THE people of the United States have been extremely slow in recognizing the supreme gravity and magnitude of the present war. The fact that there is now pending the mightiest combat in the world's history, in which soldiers of our own country are beginning to participate, has brought home to us with startling emphasis the danger to our own institutions, to our very homes as well; and the myriads of men required and the awful slaughter will impress upon the whole world the magnitude of the contest. Every patriotic citizen, every lover of this country, must realize that our supreme efforts should be exerted to win this war. Our sympathies and all our hopes must be with the Allies who have been maintaining the brunt of this frightful struggle and fighting our battle.

The chiefest honor must be given to those who are on the firing line facing privations and terrible instruments of death unknown before, but we at home must do our part unstintingly with a full realization that this is a time for sacrifice without limit.

Just at present the subscriptions for the Liberty Loan present an immediate call to the American people.

The Third Liberty Loan has aroused an interest and an enthusiasm altogether surpassing that of the calls for the First and Second. In the daily meetings around the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street crowds have gathered far exceeding any ever seen in that locality, and in the prominent centres of New York City tens of thousands have turned aside from their daily avocations to swell the prevalent enthusiasm. From every city of the country and almost from every hamlet, accounts are received

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of unprecedented effort to respond to the call for making a success of the loan.

A campaign unprecedented in its general interest and organization is ready and at work. If an attempt were made to enumerate the names of the different persons who are giving their best efforts and who are displaying the highest qualifications of enthusiasm and ability in stimulating subscriptions, the list would far exceed the limits of a newspaper article.

If an appeal to selfishness were to be made it can be confidently stated that all our accumulations will be of doubtful worth and may be worthless unless there is a successful termination of this contest. If any securities are of value the obligations of the federal government will be at the head of the list. It may be added that in prior years bonds of the government bearing 4 per cent interest instead of 4¼ per cent, have been sold at very high premiums, but this is not a time for any sordid consideration. If the words "country" and "home" mean anything, they demand from all of us a prompt and ready response to the call of the Treasury. $3,000,000,000 is not a large amount. It should be immensely over-subscribed. Such a result would prove to our enemies our earnestness, would hearten our Allies and give to ourselves a new spirit of confidence. No doubt there will be demands for further funds and the response should be given with equal alacrity.

It will be instructive to present some figures in regard to the cost to our country. It can readily be recognized that partly because of our unpreparedness at the beginning of the contest, and particularly because of the far greater cost of munitions and supplies, still further by reason of the financial assistance which we must render our Allies, the cost to the United States will be unprecedented.

The contrast between expenditures in time of war and in time of peace is striking, and at the present time alarming. The total expenditures of the United States Government from its foundation in 1789 down to 1861 amounted to about $1,800,000,000. The first three years of the war, from 1861 to 1864, surpassed this total by nearly $200,000,000, and the total expenses of the war, not taking into account obligations incurred the payment of which was long deferred, in the four years from 1861 to 1865, were $3,396,000,000, well on to twice as much as the total expenses of the government for seventy-two years, from 1789 to 1861.

If this contest does not come to an early close, it is a safe guess that history will repeat itself and the expenses of the United States in this war will equal and probably exceed all the expenses of the country in war and in peace in the one hundred and twenty-eight years from the foundation of the government to 1917. These past expenses amounted to approximately $33,000,000,000, or to give exact figures to June 30th, 1916, to $31,880,905,000.

The present cost as shown by an official statement issued a few days since is appalling. In the month of March, 1918, the total expenses were $820,126,000 for our own account. If to these are added disbursements for loans to our Allies, amounting to $335,838,000 the total amount expended in the last month was $1,155,964,000 or over $37,000,000 per day. To recur to the comparison with earlier expenditures of the government it will appear that the daily expenses during this war time are approximately equal to all expenditures of the government during the first five years of its existence, a proportion per day of more than 1800 to 1. The expenditures for a week are nearly equal to those for twenty-three years from 1789 to the beginning of the war of 1812. The expenses for a month are greater than for the first sixty years of our existence as a nation.

Of course inflated prices and a very great increase in estimated values must be taken into account in making this comparison, but after making due allowance for all such facts, the extent of the demands upon the resources of the country are staggering in the extreme.

The contest is such, however, that no genuine American should hesitate to devote his substance to the winning of the war.

Notwithstanding the tremendous weight imposed by the demands for our own expenses and for loans to our Allies, abundant satisfaction is found in a comparison of the wealth of the country with that of other periods when the demands of war have rested upon us and especially with that of the Civil War. There is now not merely a greater mobility and availability of capital, but the aggregate wealth of the country is so much greater than formerly that the prospective burden affords nothing disheartening. At the time of the Civil War the value of the total possessions of the loyal portion of the country was not in excess of $20,000,000,000, indeed the estimate for the whole United States in 1860 was only $16,000,000,000. The amounts required for the prosecution of the struggle were $3,400,000,000 or 17 per cent of the total possessions of those who adhered to the federal government. At the present time this total of wealth is multiplied many times, amounting, according to the best estimates, to $240,000,000,000, or three times that of either England or Germany. Even should $33,000,000,000 be required, this is a less percentage of that which is available than was required in the four years from 1861-5, in fact it is not over 14 per cent.

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According to present indications the record in furnishing the sinews of the war by loans and taxation until next July will display an altogether unexpected share by taxation. There is, however, a limit to the sums which can be obtained from taxes. Perhaps $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 might annually be raised by increase of rates already adopted or by new taxes, and, of course, as a last most dangerous resort there might be issues of irredeemable paper money, but let us trust that this danger to our country's credit may be avoided. The hurtful influence of such a step now and hereafter cannot be exaggerated. It would bear with especial weight upon those of humble means and derange the whole fabric of industry and commerce.

This, then, is a time to furnish a practical demonstration of the mightiness of our resources.

It is inconceivable that the Third Liberty Loan should fall short of a wonderful success and, in view of the aroused spirit of the American people, it is inconceivable that our cause should fail.

THEODORE E. BURTON.

Short Change

SQUARE white tents in twelve double rows on a sparsely wooded hill top; soldiers in blue uniforms at attention while the bugle sounds the retreat, repeated in an instant from across a little valley where another regiment stands at attention among its white tents, repeated again and again in notes fainter and yet fainter from over the hills on all sides: a military encampment, as you would surmise, of twenty years ago, when nobody knew anything about visibility or sanitation or morale, when arms and the manual and the regimental organization were other than they are now, and nothing the same but human nature.

We had fallen out and were lounging before our tents when a strange soldier from another regiment passed rapidly down the company street.

"There'll be some fun at the sutler's shack, just before taps," he remarked, to no one in particular. Twenty paces further on he repeated his statement, mechanically, and we heard him repeat it once more as he passed by the mess tent on his way to another company.

"Say, did you hear what that fellow said?" cried the cook, thrusting out his head from between the flaps of the mess tent.

"O, shut up!" said the first sergeant. "You fellows have got to stay right here. Mind, I'm watchin' ye. The first fellow that leaves the company street 'll get reported."

"What do you think?" murmured my tentmate Buck, an eager boy, enlisted under age. "They've been talking of running the sutler out."

"Nothing to it," I asserted. "They wouldn't dare. Anyway, you and I are going to keep out of it."

"Well, all right. But damn the sutler."

"Amen," I agreed. It was two weeks beyond pay day, and not a soul in the company had any money left. The sutler had garnered it all. What could you expect? After two hours' drill on a sweating morning, one had to drink, but not, if he could help it, the tepid water in the company barrel, tasting of vegetable mold and vinegar soaked wood. At the sutler's were to be had lemonade, passably cool and refreshing even if it was made without lemons, bottled soft drinks and a marvellous beverage known as blackberry bounce which made a total abstainer grotesquely gay. Until the pay ran out the sutler was confronted from morning till night with thirsty and hungry soldiers, sometimes in ranks ten deep. And from morning till night an ugly quarrel was going on over his counter.

"Here, you damn dago, I gave you a dollar. Where's my change?"

"No, no, you gave me fi' cents."

"You're lying. Give me my change or I'll knock your damn head off."

The sutler would shrug his shoulders and serve another row of customers. If the trouble maker was very persistent, the sutler would shell out change with a poisonous gesture. He was an Armenian, and no doubt had learned in the trade with the Kurds how far one may defy, how far one must compromise with violence. Current report was that the sutler made a regular practice of short change, but there was a strong minority opinion that this report was eight-tenths pure fabrication and one-tenth founded on mistake. Several men in my company boasted of their success in getting drinks for nothing and bullying the sutler out of change besides. Probably some one else suffered for it. Anyway, the sutler was bound to win out in the end; if his customers occasionally cheated him, he nevertheless got the money back in trade. Inevitably he was cordially detested.

The sutler's shack stood in a clearing about equidistant from the four regimental camps on which he preyed. It was a long, half gable shed, solidly backed with oak planks set vertically and equipped with iron braced shutters to let down over the counter at night. In a tree before the shack the sutler kept a gasoline torch flaring all night, and he was so apprehensive that one could hardly step within the flickering circle of its light without the sutler appearing in the doorway, his right hand behind his back.

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The dusk was growing heavy. I was preparing to turn in, when Buck, who had been making a call on a neighboring company, thrust his head into the tent.

"Say," he whispered. "There aren't ten men in D company's tents. Our boys are all gone, too. Let's get out before the officers catch on."

"They're all crazy," I grumbled. "They'll drill us to death tomorrow, for this."

"Come on!" cried Buck, tugging at my belt.

I blew out my light and stepped out of the tent. Men from other companies were stealthily slipping through between the tents, headed for the sutler's. I caught some of Buck's eagerness and in a moment we too were slipping between tents in the darkness. Beyond the camp we issued upon a trail, now quite packed with dark figures.

"Hullo," sounded a strange voice in my ear. "Did he short change you?"

"No," I replied. "I never trusted him to make change."

"You were smart. I don't know another man he hasn't skinned,—You're Peters, M company, aren't you?"

"No. C company."

"Oh, I mistook you. Gosh! Hear 'em?"

I caught a confused wave of sound, shouting interspersed with shrill whistles. We began to run.

In the clearing, under the flickering gasoline torch, hundreds of men were packed about the front of the sutler's shack. The Armenian stood in his doorway, pale but imperturbable, his eyes glaring fiercely, his thick lips curving in a nervous smile. The crowd was keeping its distance, as word had passed back from the front that the sutler had his finger on the trigger of a six-shooter. We were after fun, not shooting, and it was enough to hurl imprecations at him. When Buck and I arrived, the spirit of the crowd was good humored, for the most part, but occasionally one could perceive a note of real hatred. What seemed like a deliberate competition in imprecations got in motion, and the more violent curses gained rapidly over the milder ones. The character of the voices, too, began to change: the original miscellaneous clamor split into two well defined currents of deep notes and high that would occasionally reinforce each other and make one thrill unaccountably. The crowd was pressing closer. The Armenian still kept his nerve, but the movements of his head were becoming spasmodic. It was still fun with us, but the idea that it was serious was visibly gaining on the Armenian.

"Poor devil," I thought, "this has been carried about far enough." And then a new baying note rose from the mob, a note I had not supposed to be within the range of the human voice. I shivered, and as I glanced again at the Armenian, darting his eyes from one quarter to another in suppressed panic, I felt my pity slip from me. I began to exult, like a hunter who has found a wild animal in a trap, to finish at leisure. "Kill the damn thief! Kill the damn dago!" the crowd was yelling. It thrilled!

There was a lull: something was going on that we in the centre could only divine. Above the mutterings, subdued for the moment, we heard a sound like the splitting of a timber. Word passed from the flanks of the crowd, "They've pried out a plank behind." The Armenian turned to look back into his shack: his jaw dropped; his thin acquisitive profile quivered; the white of his eye seemed to glaze. A sharp pebble hurled from behind him struck him just below the cheek bone: it clung for a second, like a hideous black growth, then dropped, thrust out by a jet of blood. A mantle of frenzy fell upon the mob. An atrocious roar arose, carrying on its waves all the obscenities and blasphemies known to young America.

"Kill the damn Jew! Kill the God damn Nigger!"

The mob surged forward: all around me men wedged between converging lines of force were crying out that they were being crushed. The Armenian darted into his shack, snapping the door to in the face of a dozen men springing for him. They beat and pushed at the door while a hundred others thrust their weight against the counter shutters. The shack was rocking on its foundations: another thrust, and over she'd go. Suddenly I became conscious of a weakening of the pressure from behind me; of a subsidence of the volume of yells, of a subtle change in the quality of the sound. Did I merely imagine that I had heard a sharp "Halt!" at my left? I stood on tiptoe, to look over the heads of the men about me. Through an opening produced by an accidental grouping of shorter men, I caught a glimpse of a long line of men in khaki, springing from the darkness to the rear, passing across the lighted circle, and into the darkness beyond, within which by straining one seemed to distinguish the dull gleam of rifle barrels and belt buckles, extending interminably.

"Fix bayonets!" sounded the command, distinctly.

"The regulars!" murmured voices all around me. In an instant we were rushing across the lighted space, in a panic as infectious and as blind and overpowering as our rage of a moment past. Everywhere the woods resounded with the steps of running men. I lost Buck, and ran wildly, without sense of direction, until my breath was gone. Over the comb of a little hill I paused to gather my wits, only to be run down by a group of men

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who had clung together in their abject panic. I picked myself up, bruised and still more dazed, and began to run away at right angles to my previous course. I burst into a little clearing and stopped short: before me in the darkness was something upright; a sentry? It remained perfectly immobile. Cautiously I approached: it was a granite slab, one of the many erected to commemorate a battle of the Civil War fought on this terrain. I seated myself with my back to the stone, for protection against any galloping figures that might chance my way. Through my shirt, clinging with perspiration, I could feel the cold, sharp cut characters of the inscription: the names of Americans of my father's generation who had fallen here in defense of a race of alien blood. Had that atrocious, non-human cry of race hatred and blood thirst, sharply cut into my memory like these letters on granite, actually issued from my own lips? Or had I just heard it and made it my own, in the moment of the collective frenzy and the fused emotions and will of the mob?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Political Science as a Recluse

THE conquest of the rude and disorderly phenomena of physical nature by science had a peculiar unforeseeable reflex upon man's attitude toward social institutions and occurrences. That it should suggest that they also are neither the manifestations of inscrutable supernatural forces nor the sport of chance was natural. There was nothing peculiar or unexpected in the conception that social phenomena, like physical, come under "the reign of law." This is explicable enough. But chance, arbitrary free will and supernatural intervention were not the only rival casual powers with which the notion of a science of collective human affairs had to contend. The radical foes of the existent social order in the eighteenth century taught almost unanimously that institutions were the product of accidents due to human ignorance, plus fraud and the despotic will of a few men to use the many. They taught that the new social order was to be a product of the voluntary arrangements among men who substituted knowledge for ignorance, and freedom for political and ecclesiastic enslavement. The conception of "the reign of law" in human affairs cut across this humanism of the French Enlightenment, and as a consequence the project of a social science turned into a rationalizing of social phenomena by showing that they are necessary, not accidental; the effect of universal, and hence rational, laws, not of the play of human beliefs and choices, wise or unwise.

Social science thus became in substance an organized justification of the main structures of society as they exist: it operated to strengthen the sentiment of human impotency and futility. To intervene is to interfere; to interfere is to invite the disaster that comes from any attempt to "violate" natural law. This is the uniform intellectual background of the laissez-faire philosophy of society. And, the reaction against laissez-faire as a practical policy has not come into the possession of *ideas* with which to arm itself, by which to define and justify itself. It has presented rather a fusion of philanthropic sentiment, of the practical feeling that something had to be done whether there was any scientific warrant for it or not, of the working of an underlying traditional empiricism which had not been seriously affected by pretensions to a science, and of a vague belief that the new science of evolution gave philosophic support to attempts to accelerate social evolution even though nothing could be done to alter or direct its course.

While the conception that the economic phenomena of society are the necessary products of natural laws was essentially a contribution of English thinkers, the "sciences" of history, institutions and the state were constructed in Germany. Typically German philosophy is all of it primarily a defensive reaction against French revolutionary philosophy. Since the latter had exaggerated the effect of human ignorance, deliberate imposture and deliberate despotism in behalf of consciously entertained self-interest, German science revelled in a philosophy of inner necessity, a higher reason transcending human reasoning, an intrinsic absoluteness of law. The fact that Germany alone of modern nations underwent no political revolution and was imbued with the doctrine of the hopelessness of a revolution rendered such a justifying science a compensatory necessity. The great and successful German propaganda of the nineteenth century consisted in the spread of its distinctive scientific rationalization of history and institutions, especially of the state.

This accounts for the obvious scholastic flavor which hangs about the orthodox treatise of political science. Universal and necessary laws and principles mean something rational, and reason as distinct from experience means—vide Kant—concepts. There must be then an essential nature of the state, from which its significant attributes must flow; all the general notions must then hold together in logical order. Otherwise there would be no "science," but only a collection of empirical facts lacking the credentials of an authenticated science. Such an incident as the lobby at Albany would stand

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on the intellectual level of state sovereignty, Tammany Hall be as important as the bicameral system, and the methods by which big corporations influence legislation rank with the eternal truth of the proper distribution of governmental powers. In a true "science," mere empirical facts cannot figure except as they are framed within a concept or trimmed down to be an illustration of a law, in either dislocated from their everyday context.

Every rationalistic science, that is to say every science whose aim is to explain by reference to general notions, is bound down to static principles, just as every experimental science is held to description of what is going on. The former "explains" the necessity of things as they exist by showing their connection with eternal truths; the latter sees how things are changing into something else so as by seeing to facilitate prediction and control. Classic political science thus becomes a recluse from the world of affairs and alternates between a pedantic conservatism and a complacent acceptance of any brute change which happens, if only a decent time be allowed to elapse. To label anything "truth" is indeed to use a powerful preventive. But social phenomena do not congeal simply because they are covered over with static conceptions; classic social science is no Joshua. When physical science consisted of classifying and explanatory concepts, the world of nature presented facts which conformed to them, and also anomalies and accidents. There was nothing to *do* about either of these things, once they had been squared up with the concepts duly provided. Since change is the primary social fact as surely as motion is the primary physical fact, a science which despises change as empirical is impotent before the facts. Thus it is that the dominion of static ideas over men's minds makes for ill considered revolution as truly as for reactionary conservatism.

A genuine conservatism is an attitude of will or endeavor; it marks a union of thought with effort. It is compelled to take account of actual changes, to select and to adapt in order to conserve. The static standards of the classic science of nature did not indicate an affectionate clinging to things as they had been in opposition to things as they might become. They rather expressed the intense inclination of the imagination to take them as they never had been and never would be. Much of what arrogates to itself the high name of social conservatism is also nothing but the lazy indulgence of a secluded and self-involved imagination.

There is something humorous in the way in which the classicist detects personal wilfulness, romantic fancy and undisciplined impulse in the projects and experiments of the reformer or radical in politics and art. His own standards (called rational because they consist in a circle of logically ordered concepts) express in effect only one of his emotions—a personal aversion to change. Lacking the intellectual and moral force to face change and to assume the onerous task of directing it, rendered uncomfortable and irritable when the facts of a moving world are forced upon him, he recovers his disturbed calm by holding some innovating subversive group, some Bolsheviki, responsible for the change, and seeks again the soothing contentment of his own well ordered intellectual drawing room. In these smoothed out and becalmed precincts, he becomes the romantic expounder of truths "eternal" enough, he hopes, to last out his life time of undisturbed complacencies.

Meantime the serious work, the work of observing the multitudinous changes which are going on, of detecting their quality and movement, of forecasting their probable consequences, and inventing mechanisms to turn them to account, gets poorly done. Social control becomes a matter of luck. The dull fellowship of legitimate and allowable truths is confronted by an onrush of social forces which work their will upon us. We oscillate between eulogizing the established order as though there were any order except that of change and eulogizing all change—after it has happened—as an illustration of some mysterious law of evolution. We argue as if stability and alteration, order and innovation, were to be discussed as possible alternatives. We talk as if it were a question of putting the matured wisdom of the fathers over against the irresponsible whims of youngsters, or of letting loose the vital spirit of youth to do battle with a musty and decrepit antiquity. But all this is romantic and secluded; it does not get beyond the confines of the imagination. If the unescapable fact is that changes are going on anyway and incessantly, effective intelligence has no point of contact with such phantasies. Its concern is to find out what particular changes are going on, how their consequences may be forecast, and through what further changes within our command they may be directed to the better of two possible results. In the world of natural change, men learned control by means of the systematic invention of effective tools only when they gave up preoccupation with lofty principles logically arranged, and occupied themselves seriously with the turmoil of concrete observable changes. Till we accomplish a like revolution in social and moral affairs, our politics will continue to be an idle spectator of an alternation of social comedies and tragedies, compensating for its impotency by reducing its applause and hisses to a scheme of fixed canons which the show is then imagined to exemplify.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Albert Ryder

AMONG American painters of importance, Albert Ryder is the most obviously individual. He belongs to no pictorial group and does not carry with him the suggestion even of a social solidarity. He has nothing of the technical ability which many of his more distinguished countrymen show, nor has he the attitude toward the American scene which made the great majority of his contemporaries either portrait or landscape painters. These men had, in the main, gotten beyond story pictures and were engaged in setting forth the things before their eyes. Also they were much occupied in learning to paint, through having been impressed by the magniloquent but ineffectual performance of the Hudson River school that mere splendor of subject matter was not in itself accomplishment. They were not joined by Ryder in this quest for mastery, for he was more intent on satisfying his immediate need of utterance than concerned about the manner of it. His was a strange life of sparse, contracted solitude, of living careless in the midst of filth and utter disorder, of rapt indifference to what went on about him, while he was singing in his soul the old, old tunes of life and love and hope and joy. Hence he found expression to be all-important, for expression through his art was to this man of genius the only mode of realizing the good all men desire. Ryder was deeply sentimental, and it is therefore something of a paradox, that, excepting perhaps only Winslow Homer, his art is notably less sentimental than that of any important man who worked mainly in America. This paradox, like a dark lantern, has illumination hidden in it and deserves discussion.

The sentimental nature of Ryder's themes is obvious. One finds but few exceptions. In fact one gets the impression that anything that is emotionally suggestive might become the subject of his next picture. Here are landscapes simply pastoral: the brown cow, the farm house and the shady trees, all calm in the suffused light of afternoon or evening; others are romantic with winding streams, gnarled trunks and mystery-haunted title; there are nocturnes of the sea, tranquil or turbulent, in some the heavens barred with clouds lit by the sailing moon, in others clouds, portentously black, that throw dark shadows on the laboring boats; then there are a number of pictures of lovers: Florizel and Perdita, King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, or simply, Lovers; and besides there are Shakespearian illustrations and mythologizing themes. Merely to hear the titles and descriptions of the pictures might suggest that Ryder was a negligible painter, one of the kind that has long made the Royal Academy infamous.

The facts are curiously otherwise. As a plain citizen Ryder might seem sloppy with sentimentality, but this sentimentalist was by the wayward determination of nature a powerful artist, and so he has created things that have existence in their own right; and in its own right nothing is sentimental. The essence of sentimentality is, indeed, exactly the reverse of this. If, for instance, some one on board a ship, in the open sea, looks out upon the water at bright noonday, he finds himself ringed by the world's end, where, at the horizon, water and sky meet with sharp definition. But at the sunset hour he is set free, his eyes which by an inevitable compulsion follow, follow on, no longer are restrained, for the world's end has melted into infinite distance, and sky and water, even when they have not actually become as one, play into each other for the annihilation of all measure. The mind follows the lead given by the eye, and as it is not held up by bright and single particularities, it wanders freely and vaguely into all related fields of emotional response and gathers up a plentiful harvest.

All this time, however, the ostensible objects of contemplation have been the sea and sky, which thus are made responsible for all the added meanings that have been gathered by the wandering mind. But though even the most seductive sunset-light on waters can be looked at as so much sheer, hard fact, only a very few have self-restraint enough to keep the actual object single before them when the inducements to relaxation are so unbounded. This then is sentimentality, the unacknowledged substitution of related values, especially emotional values, for those deriving from the object that is supposedly before the mind. A perfectly non-sentimental work of art would be one whose form is made so adequate in its expressiveness as to prevent the attention from wandering elsewhere for the satisfaction of its needs. Therefore it happens that even sentimentality, as in the best of Laurence Sterne or Samuel Richardson, can be the stuff of an unsentimental art.

A landscape by Ryder has precisely this character beyond most of those which are more realistic in their intention. The crepuscular scenes that are so frequently painted, the autumnal afternoons, the carefully devised perspectives that lead into the pictures and beyond, all these are just inducements, as are their equivalents in nature, to such a passage from the thing before the eye, and its intrinsic values, to a remoter field of emotional stimulation. Among our older landscape painters, it is perhaps only in the case of Winslow Homer that there is prevalently, as in all truly great artists, a grip upon the form that is strong enough to hold the mind of the observer down to the actualities presented. Only

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in such rare cases does the landscape function as an intrinsic and sufficient form, nor send the mind off for a richer harvest of induced emotions.

Ryder created such objectively valid forms despite the fact that he was not a realist, that is, one essentially interested in the structure of things. He was rarely, if ever, interested in the mere scene before him, but he was exceedingly responsive to the feelings that the thing aroused. If he had been a lesser man, his lovers, his moonlights, and his Shakespearian scenes would have been sentimental illustrations, but in fact his sentimental reactions are embodied in a form as solid and enduring as only a great artist can ever make it. His real subject was a mood and not a fact copied from nature, but this mood had found for itself a form, from which, for the time being, it is inseparable.

It is quite common to assert that Ryder's special merit as distinguished from many others, is that he is a poet, but this explanation is quite false. There are no end of poets in the art of painting as in the art of words. Ryder's distinction is that he is a good poet, and he is the more especially rare since more of the noticeably bad poets are sentimentalists than realists. Realistic painting carries a kind of conviction that often goes far beyond the work's real worth and gains additional support from its capacity of suggesting sentimental values. All the greatest poets, however, whether with paint or words, are realists in the sense that Giotto, Rubens, Rembrandt were, that Shakespeare, Homer, Dante also were. They, other things being equal, see more, know more, feel more, than the sentimentalist, for sentimentality is the property of all and so the realist is more inclusive. Ryder was indeed a poet but he was conspicuously limited in his poetic range as well as in his technical equipment. His mastery of form and movement was restricted, and it was only at the cost of enormous effort that he achieved his purpose far enough to satisfy his need of giving body to the enchantments of his soul. Within his practicable limits, however, he succeeded splendidly. His moonlight scenes, for instance, are not pictures of the moon trembling behind a veil of tenuous cloud, and faintly shedding light upon a vague horizon. Instead the clouds are solid, the sea is solid, the moon is solid; everything is wrought to a substantial coherence. Such clouds as Ryder painted were never seen, nor such a sea, but the effect that he successfully embodied has been felt by many. He made a universal appeal by the elementary simplicity of his sentiment, which is the sentiment of all the world in the presence of moon and sea and lovers and romantic drama. But to have given to that sentiment a form, substantial as that of the most definite realities, is an achievement of quite superlative distinction.

It is the final substantiality of his form that marks out Ryder from the many excellent poetic illustrators. It takes him quite out of the class of such men as Rossetti and Burne-Jones, or of the Siennese painters with perhaps one or two exceptions. And then he not only gives to his conceptions a powerful material embodiment, but in addition he keys his compositions up to a pitch of such intensity as to make them rhythmically quite singularly self-sufficing, and independently alive. They never rest on a dead centre, the fault of so much painting that tries to juggle with the delicacies of intricate poise but is not sensitive enough in its placements to avoid the pitfall of an immobile solution. Ryder in this matter seems infallible, so exquisitely has he maintained the interplay of mutually supplementary balances.

At the same time he has given to his pictures a maximum of concentration, and thus has shown relationship with things that are among the greatest. His tiny canvases are often so massive in their structure that they become, like those of Daumier, quite deceptive as to their real size. And at the same time the masses are so gracefully fluent that the weight seems almost self-supporting. It was a supreme merit on the part of Ryder to have appreciated the significant value of his masses and to have striven so unceasingly to get them into perfect organization. Without sacrificing one ounce of their essential heaviness, he has effected their adjustment till, like some of the great rocks left poised by glaciers on the hilltops, they respond to every lightest touch, though anchored solidly against the heaviest impacts.

These splendid major qualities in Ryder's work get no considerable reinforcement from the minor ones. His fancies are not, in general, more profound or rich than those of other men. He is in respect of his inventions, no Blake, nor even a Rossetti. He has few evident originalities except some touching on the sea, but he was quite obviously much influenced by the pictures that he had seen. There are things that are certainly reminiscences of Corot and of Turner, and there are many compositions and color schemes that are conventional commonplaces. What makes them different and important is that Ryder brought them so near pictorial completion, that, while keeping all that there was in them of the plain man's elementary romantic appeal, he yet made them so vitally self-sustaining. He added to their obviousness his painfully acquired poise which slowly raised them from the chaos of diffuse, involved emotion, to the perfect, tempered discipline of freedom.

LEO STEIN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Mild Demurrer

SIR: I have read with unusual satisfaction in your issue of March 13th Mr. Weyl's review of my recent book. Despite a certain unintentional brutality of statement which is alien to my feeling and I believe alien to my book, but which only the most careful choice of words could avoid in so condensed a summary, this is the best statement of my thesis that I have yet read. I regret the more, therefore, that the writer seems to miss the point in the end.

One night in Rome in the late summer of 1914 I heard under my window a lively altercation between two Italians. When at last it ended and the two separated, keeping up a rear guard action of high explosives, the last shot was "Austriaco." I am amused to find the colloquy between my book and its critic ending in somewhat the same manner. Each calls the other German. May I have a word on this point?

I have characterized the League to Enforce Peace as essentially German in principle. It assumes that nations can trust each other and help each other who do not like each other. That is German to a dot. Germany thinks she can build a Mitteleuropa, even a Weltherrschaft, without any spiritual bond of union. The Leaguers—with whom my critic seems to be in sympathy—plan to establish a Weltherrschaft on exactly the same principle. Put their scheme up to a German and he would say: "I do not approve your plan, for it would defeat rather than further our purpose, but if we wanted an equilibrium of existing nations, that would be the logical way to get it." All the hopeless defects of German political psychology are in their proposal.

In turn, my reviewer asserts that the author seems to lack the rigorous logic of the Germans, whose philosophy he accepts. "His conclusions would naturally lead to perpetual war." Would they? The writer seems to be thinking only of race struggle. That might conceivably, though most improbably, be perpetual. But my thesis is race expansion to which struggle is but incidental. Expansion obviously can not be perpetual. It leads infallibly toward unification and the elimination of war. In a former work I have given reasons for believing that race expansion will eliminate war before unification is complete.

But is my philosophy German? Or, to waive a discussion that is sure to be largely verbal, is it true that "Dr. Powers speaks constantly of race instinct, race assertion, the biological necessity of expansion and growth?" I think the word, biological, occurs rarely in my book. I am certain that the concept which it suggests is nowhere dominant. The entity which thus instinctively asserts itself under an imperious necessity of expansion and growth, is a cultural, not a biological, entity. It uses not only "big battalions and big families," but "religion, commerce, and economic gains," all for its purpose, but its purpose is none of these. The undue simplification of the problem with which I am charged, is found, not in my argument, but in the reviewer's undue simplification of it.

I distrust and detest the German programme because it essays to unite men forcibly without a unifying spiritual ideal. I distrust and detest any league to enforce peace which attempts to do the same. On the other hand, I would fain remind my countrymen to how great an extent that necessary unifying principle of language, custom, and political and social ideals already prevails among the families of men and would persuade them to build their temple of peace out to the uttermost confines of this indispensable foundation. Beyond this I would not have them go. I would not have them build upon sand.

Is my philosophy German because I recognize the universal tendency to race expansion? That is not a German idea but a matter of universal knowledge, a truism to all save those who "live in a world of ideas instead of a world of facts." The real point of my book is its insistence upon ideals, upon a spiritual bond as the basis of unity among men. That, I believe, is not distinctively German.

H. H. POWERS.

Newton, Massachusetts.

An American Labor Party

SIR: The recent publication of the inspiring programme of the British Labor party, dealing with reconstruction plans after the war, has caused much comment among American radicals, and should result in eventual action. Many people feel that, while we are trying to crush German militaristic autocracy, we might as well make a job of it by crushing American industrial autocracy also. It is of interest to consider how it may be done.

Samuel Gompers, who has performed worthy service for labor, still relies on collective bargaining alone. But such a position today savors of Rip Van Winkle. In the first place, only eleven per cent of American labor, as a rule the men most skilled and best off economically, are organized in "regular" trades unions. This fact alone is enough to prove the inadequacy of unionism to meet the situation unaided, while many union men begin to realize that their successes are temporary, increases in prices of necessities soon leaving them no better off than before. Were we Americans not, as Frank Vanderlip says, a nation of economic illiterates, political action would long ago have supplemented trade-unionism.

We have the I. W. W., with its counsel of desperation, and the Socialists, with their counsel of perfection. The former doctrine gains ground only with the floating, homeless, but red-blooded and resentful pioneers of the west; the Socialists, outside of a few localities, remain a corporal's guard of dreamers. Moreover, their doctrinaire leadership, their failure to supplement their far away Utopia with a tangible, step by step programme beginning with the most immediate problems, alienate the vast mass of citizens. Lately, however, there has appeared on the scene a new force, the National Non-Partisan League—the organization of embattled farmers who are out to better their condition, not at the expense of the consumer, but of the middleman, miller and banker, by political action in addition to cooperative buying and selling. This is a most hopeful portent—an indigenous American movement, among a class usually considered conservative and individualistic.

What are the chances of a real American labor party—both in city and country—being organized to carry out some such democratic programme as that outlined so inspiringly by our British fellow workers? I think that they are so good as to make the question merely one of time.

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The apathetic masses are even now beginning to awaken from their apathy, and, as the cost of living continues to increase faster than wages rise, the average wage slave will begin to bestir himself to find a way out. Where will he be able to turn for leadership and a programme that promises relief?

The Socialists are becoming more practical, more Fabian, as they elect men to office in various large cities. Also they are gazing upon the Non-Partisan League with friendly eyes. Their papers closely follow the fortunes of the farmers, and it is reported that some Socialists are going to vote for Non-Partisan League candidates in the Middle West next fall. Moreover, some of the radical unionists are wearying of the reign of Gompers, and their restiveness takes the form of flirting with the Socialists and the farmers. The I. W. W. show that, given half a chance, they are only too glad to be reasonable and civilized, and they, too, are coming more closely in touch with the Socialists and Non-Partisan Leaguers. The Survey, the New Republic, the Public, and other journals, edited by liberal intellectuals, are veering closer to a common point of view, which foreshadows endorsement of a party of "workers with hand and brain." Is it too much to hope that five years hence a radical coalition will be an accomplished fact, and that the masses, pressed between the upper and nether millstones of high cost of living and low wages, will flock by the thousands and hundreds of thousands to follow the aegis of a real American labor party in the campaign to crush industrial autocracy?

WILMER T. STONE.

New York City.

Y. M. C. A. Work in the French Army

SIR: Side by side with the work done in the American Army, there is going on in France a branch of Y. M. C. A. work in the French Army which should be better known in America. During the early years of the war the Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens, which is the French Y. M. C. A., had installed between fifty and seventy-five foyers du soldat throughout the French Army. This number, however, was obviously inadequate for the great number of men in the French armies, but the Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens had not been able to accomplish wider results both because of the difficulty of getting suitable men (all the men that are worth while in France being in the French Army) and partly because the Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens has not the financial support in France that the Y. M. C. A. fortunately has in this country. Therefore, just about a year ago the military authorities in France called upon the American Y. M. C. A. to assist in installing these foyers or huts throughout the French Army on an adequate scale. The offer was a great compliment to the efficiency of the American Y. M. C. A. and was promptly accepted. During the past year, under the joint auspices of the American and French Y. M. C. A.'s, the number of foyers has been increased to between 300 and 350. The foyer is substantially the same as the familiar American hut, with the exception that it was made a condition of the arrangement that no religious service should be conducted in the foyer. This condition is due, not to any prejudice in France against religious services, but to the fact that 95 per cent of the French are Roman Catholics, and there was, therefore, a natural feeling in France that any danger of Protestant evangelization, by an organization like the Y. M. C. A., which is chiefly composed of Protestants, should be avoided.

I wish I could convey to your readers some idea of the interest, and indeed inspiration, which the American director, fortunate enough to be assigned to work in the French foyer, is sure to have stirred up within him. Life in the foyer is more simple than life in the more elaborate American huts. This is partly because most of the foyers are in the so-called military zones and there is, therefore, not much opportunity for elaborate programmes. The every day life consists simply of maintaining a place where the soldiers may, during their spare hours, have some of the advantages of home. In the foyer they write letters, read books and magazines, play games, enjoy the phonograph and an occasional moving picture show. In most of the towns where the foyers are located there is absolutely no other gathering place and were it not for the foyer, the men would have no place which is reasonably warm and reasonably light to meet in. One hardly has to argue the advantage of such a meeting place as contrasted with the barns and buildings in the little towns where the men would otherwise be obliged to spend their idle hours. The association of the American directors with both the French officers and the French soldiers is wonderfully pleasant. During a stay of three months in one foyer I was most hospitably received as a member of the so-called popote or mess by each lot of officers who visited the town. The American director is treated pro tem as an officer in the French Army, is assigned a room by the French Army with an orderly to care for his room, and assistance in doing the harder work in the foyer. Among the men there is a distinct feeling of gratitude for the friendship of the American who has come so far just to be a friend to the French soldiers, and the satisfaction that one gets from the oft expressed thanks of the soldiers for the very simple service rendered is quite unique. I fully believe that no part of the work that is done by Americans in France at the present day is producing more important permanent results along the line of cementing the friendship of the two nations.

While the development of the foyer to over 300 in one sense is gratifying, in another it is disappointing to the French authorities that it is not much larger. Recently General Pétain has expressed his great appreciation of the work done and has urged that the number of foyers in the French Army be increased to 1,100 during the current year and as early as possible. Some knowledge of French is extremely valuable, although it is not absolutely essential, as an American director may be assigned to a foyer with a French director who speaks English. The position requires no special Y. M. C. A. training, the most important asset being the willingness to make friends in the most democratic way with everybody that one comes in contact with. There is even a hope that these foyers scattered throughout the eastern part of France may form the basis of a broader civic life after the war. Several of our directors preparatory to such development conduct classes in English among the civilian population, thus establishing friendly relations with everybody in these little towns. Communications with reference to this work may be sent to Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York, or the undersigned would be exceedingly glad to give the benefit of his experience to anybody who cares to communicate with him.

REYNOLDS D. BROWN.

1404 Land Title Building,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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At the Capitol

Leadership in Foreign Affairs

WHO should be chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? The seniority custom put Senator Stone in that position, and now makes Senator Hitchcock his successor. But Mr. Hitchcock seems in few other respects a logical candidate. He opposed the steps leading to war, and although he took Mr. Stone's place in introducing the war resolution, he did so with an apology. "I cannot at this moment cast my vote against war without doing a vain and foolish thing. My act would only serve to weaken my country in the face of the enemy and in the face of inevitable war. Therefore, Mr. President, I have obeyed the instructions of the Committee on Foreign Relations and made this report to the Senate." Many are now advocating that the practice of appointing Committee chairmen according to seniority be abolished. It is a necessary reform, one which would be equally justified in other important Committees, such as the House Committees on Ways and Means, and on Rules.

But suppose any man on the Senate Committee could be selected, who should it be? The next Democrat on the list is John Sharp Williams, an able partisan, but scarcely a discreet statesman. Swanson, Pomerene, Smith of Arizona, Saulsbury—a Delaware du Pont, Pittman, Shields and Thomas—which of these Democrats would be the right chairman? One hesitates to choose any. On the Republican side the leader is Henry Cabot Lodge, obviously the best choice, according to editors who lean towards the National Security League. But the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts could hardly be selected as the administration spokesman on foreign affairs, nor would he be favored by most of the liberals who support the President. He is shaky, to say the least, on the League of Nations. Similar reasons can be urged against any Republican. The main responsibility for diplomacy rests upon the President. It is the business of the Foreign Relations chairman, more than that of any other committee leader, to introduce and defend the President's measures. To expect a political opponent to perform this duty is absurd.

We are forced to the reductio ad absurdum that perhaps Hitchcock is after all the best chairman for the very reason that he has shown a willingness to efface himself before the administration. Any strong man on the Committee, the Committee itself, or even the Senate, suffers under the handicap that the Senate has in this respect merely a veto power, a power to annoy and obstruct the plans of the executive. The result is either acquiescence or an impasse —almost never advice, modification or compromise.

Some years ago in his Congressional Government Woodrow Wilson pointed out that there are "organic reasons which have made it impossible that there should be any real consultation between the President and the Senate upon such business, and which have, consequently, made disagreement and even antagonism between them the probable outcomes of the system. I do not consult the auditor who scrutinizes my accounts when I submit to him my books, my vouchers, and a written report of the business I have negotiated. I do not take his advice and seek his consent; I simply ask his endorsement or invite his condemnation. I do not sue for his cooperation, but challenge his criticism."

In the same book Mr. Wilson shows how the "treaty-*marring* power of the Senate" prevented the purchase of the island of St. Thomas in 1869—the island which was purchased last year at many times the original price—and nearly prevented the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain settling the Alabama claims, one of the greatest triumphs of arbitration. Last year the administration strongly urged the ratification of the treaty with Colombia, soothing her feelings about the Panama affair, but the two-thirds majority necessary was not forthcoming owing to the determination of Republicans to protect Mr. Roosevelt's record. As a result the way of the German propagandist has been made easier in South and Central America. But these are trifles beside the friction which may come at the end of the war. The President has gone ahead to develop a daring international philosophy, and has morally pledged the country to it. At the time of entering the war only a small proportion of Senators understood the President's policy, and a still smaller number assented. The rest have given little sign of coming around to it since. It is easy to imagine, as a result of this unhealthy separation between the policy-making and the treaty-ratifying powers, a dangerous quarrel when it comes to a consideration of the peace treaties. If the shoe were on the other foot, if the President were pursuing an unenlightened course and the Senate wished to correct him, the situation would be even worse. Under our constitutional system, democratic control of foreign affairs can exist only by virtue of having exactly the right President.

The Constitution provides that the President shall have the power to make treaties "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." But as Mr. Wilson has written, "Argument and an unobstructed interchange of views upon a ground of absolute equality are essential parts of the substance of genuine consultation. The Senate, when it closes its doors upon going into 'executive session,' closes them upon the President as much as upon the rest of the world. He cannot meet their objections to his courses except through the clogged and inadequate channels of a written message or through the friendly but unauthoritative offices of some Senator who may volunteer his active support. His only power of compelling compliance on the part of the Senate lies in his initiative in negotiation, which affords him a chance to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world to certain courses of action, that the Senate hesitates to bring about the appearance of dishonor which would follow its refusal to ratify the rash promises or to support the indiscreet threats of the Department of State. If the President wishes some more satisfactory mode of communication with the Senate than formal message-writing, his only door of approach is this Committee on Foreign Relations. But such a mode of conference is manifestly much less than a voice in the deliberations of the Senate itself—much less than meeting that body face to face in free consultation and equal debate. It is almost as distinctly dealing with a foreign power as were the negotiations preceding the proposed treaty."

Mr. Wilson has already revived the old custom of delivering messages to Congress orally. Why does he not go one step further? In 1813 the Senate requested the attendance of the President to consult upon foreign affairs, but Mr. Madison refused. Why does not Mr. Wilson, relying on the constitutional clause, appear on the floor of the Senate to defend his diplomatic measures in debate? He might easily do this when the peace treaties are introduced. The President is the proper chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

G. S.

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Books and Things

FOR several days I have been wishing that we had in this country a dramatic critic like Jacques Copeau, who cares so intensely for dramatic art, knows so well what he hopes from it in the future. I have been reading, you see, the critiques which he contributed, from ten to fifteen years ago to l'Ermitage, La Grande Revue and La Nouvelle Revue Française. All I mean to do here is to give, by means of summary, paraphrase and loose translation, a rough notion of his attitude toward the theatre.

M. Copeau is both liberal and exacting. The ambition he would like to feel the presence of in the rising generation is all-embracing. The material offered to the dramatic creator is nature in her confusion, life in its expanding growth, the very movement of the deepest reality, truth whether tangible or secret, whether plastic, lyrical or musical. Realism has sharpened and colored our vision, symbolism has made it wider and more flexible. These and other changes in our sensitiveness, changes all the more capable of enriching our work because they are still unfinished and unfixed, have not yet influenced as they deserve to influence our dramatic art. Great art is the naif painting of likenesses to life. A great artist is he who looks directly and simply at the world of phenomena, who does not set himself up in opposition to phenomena, who does not by passing judgment on what he sees keep himself from seeing, who can persuade things and human beings to sing their own profound song, whose attitude toward life is simple, familiar and loving, who knows how to do without ideas, to do without cleverness, and to *see*. Dramatic art is the perfect realization of synthetic forms of life.

Everything is human, M. Copeau says, everything is dramatic to a dramatist whose freedom is not restricted by his wish to succeed. Believing this, M. Copeau is naturally impatient with doctrines which would dogmatically command a dramatist to see life pink or to see it black. And with narrowness due, not to a rigid attitude toward life, but to worship of technique, he is equally impatient. Nothing shocks him more than exaggeration of the importance of any genre. As for the secrets of technique, what are they, he asks, but the sum of all those habits which the public imposes on dramatists who are trying to amuse it? In their slavery to this false technique most of them lose sight of both logic and life. Instead of keeping their attention on the essentials of truth and of character they are all the while considering how a scene ought to be made, or an act or a play. They do not know that the technical means of expression are always adequate if the work is well conceived, original and sincere. Patience and conscience, in dramatic art as in any other, are of more avail than any "special gift." Metier is not a set of rules. It is the struggle of a personality against its own acquisitions, it is art in the act of being created.

In the revised edition of The Quintessence of Ibsenism Mr. Shaw has called discussion the chief modern contribution to dramatic technique. M. Copeau would not agree. He says the pièce à thèse, the play which has a thesis to maintain, substitutes opinions and discourses for true images of life. The thesis-play is only an ideological melodrama. M. François de Curel's heroes, for example, would cease to exist if they stopped explaining and advertising the idea that begot them. Between the "idea" of a play and the play itself there is a distance which can be measured by nothing shorter than the whole of dramatic art. To this point M. Copeau returns again and again. He praises a play by M. Porto-Riche because it does not owe its unity to any parasitic idea. Drama is never abstract. Given the idea, the drama has still to be born.

Ibsen's genius does not consist in his ideas, for which a better name would be visions or presentiments, and which acquire their value and originality only by being dramatized. Their essential significance would be missing but for the human voices and human shapes that Ibsen has given them. The more they live the richer their meaning. His men and women have an intense individual life. By obeying the dramatist's will they express the most personal truth that is in them. Thus they find again at last the symbolic meaning for the sake of which they came into existence, which was the first stage in the act that created them, and which was an invitation to them to be themselves in the fullest possible sense. In this passage from abstract to concrete, in this incarnation of a material that was at first diffused into individual and irreducible characters—here is Ibsen's supreme power.

Time and again M. Copeau insists upon the necessity of realizing one's material, whether it came first as idea or as emotion, in the forms of human beings and the relations between them. For him this is what dramatic art means first of all. He admires dramatists who have the imagination and who take the time to know their characters with the last thoroughness of intimacy. The truth he cares for is truth to human nature, psychologic truth. The logic of a play must be sought in the evolution of characters and events in which the idea is both embodied and also contained. No event should occur, nothing should happen, except for the sake of illuminating the characters, establishing or modifying their relations, provoking them to reactions. Violate this law and you get the play of situation instead of the play of character, you get vaudeville instead of comedy, melodrama instead of tragedy. Nothing disconcerts M. Copeau more than drama in which the connection is not the closest possible between the series of material facts and the series of psychologic facts. Hence his quarrel with Paul Hervieu, in whose plays the labored situation is not the expression of the characters themselves, but a purely material arrangement.

Of Hervieu M. Copeau says finely, and quite by the way, that one of his heroines cares more for the right to happiness than for happiness, and that all his heroines talk of life as of some one who is absent. M. Copeau says M. Henri Bataille's Maman Colibri is not free from surplusage and prettifications. The verbality changes the sheer value of the facts. The author confers upon his men and women the acuteness of his own senses and his own impressionable intelligence, and the result is a false richness. Another dramatist, too fond of slang, is reminded by M. Copeau that such an excess of naturalness is awfully like conventional artifice. Their dialogue, he says of MM. Mirbeau and Natanson, misses color and firmness in its search for simplicity, it drags, it postpones, while lingering among the ordinary words which anyone might say, the essential phrase which ought to be spoken.

But I cannot attempt at this time to give an account of M. Copeau's acute criticism of his contemporaries. He is robust and delicate, sensitive and exacting, eager to praise what he admires in the work of men with whom he is not in sympathy. The trait which most of his critiques have in common is an enthusiastic idealism limited by common sense. They are vigorous, they provoke thought, they force you to agree with him or to know why you disagree. If collected in a volume, as I hope they may be, they will be immensely helpful to dramatists who are ambitious enough and young enough to learn. P. L.

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Industrial Self-Government

Self-Government in Industry, by G. D. H. Cole. London: G. Bell & Sons. 4s. 6d.

MR. COLE has written a book for which every student of politics has real cause for gratitude. It is at every point well informed, clearly stated and full of suggestion. It sets out in striking fashion the new ideas which are becoming articulate in the mind of labor. It explains the background of an economic alternative to the present capitalist system which, still in the stage of statement and of definition, is rapidly passing into that effort after detailed application where theory becomes a practical possibility. It is an important volume because we are living in an age where the ground is being rapidly cleared for reconstruction. What is everywhere and importantly obvious is the breakdown of the traditions inherited from the nineteenth century. Its belief in the fundamental virtue of the accumulation of economic power is today accepted as final only by a handful of antiquaries. The substitute is less obvious. The Catholic peasant-proprietorship of Mr. Belloc, the collectivism of Mr. Webb, the guild-socialism of Mr. Cole—we have at any rate no lack of panaceas for our ills. But Mr. Cole's ideas have a special importance because they alone are founded on the most recent historic experience. They alone are making in any sense a broad progress among the mass of working men. Necessarily often crude, inevitably at times a half-formed suggestion rather than a concrete and coherent theory, they represent a genuine attempt to formulate the transition we are approaching. His book has thus a value from every angle.

It has a special value because of its central perception that no system is adequate which is not also a theory of the state. Here, at least, Mr. Cole differs from a multitude of hapless predecessors by a simple consistency of outlook. He understands, what experience convinces me it is almost impossible to get the technical student of politics to understand, that the state is simply a territorial society divided into government and subjects and that its fundamental character is simply the relationships created by its rules of conduct. He denies it the preeminence of sovereignty, and, wisely, he denies it that preeminence in the name of freedom. He sees the danger of a too great concentration of power. He realizes that the state is basically concerned with the interests of consumers, in so far as those interests can be harmonized with the demands of the capitalist system. He denies that the consumers' interest so necessarily precedes that of the producers' as to give priority of right, and therefore of control, to the former. Rather does he urge a division of function between the two in such fashion that joint relationships shall be jointly determined. But his consistent aim is to reintegrate man in society. He sees the transparent danger lest we be overawed by our institutions; and he insists upon the value of a balance of powers within society simply because the centre of importance is thus referred back to the individual. It is from the wellspring of the instructed individual mind that the society is to draw its sustenance.

That basic division once determined, it is to decentralization Mr. Cole looks forward as the real path of progress. He would vest the actual ownership of the means of production in the state; but the control of productive processes would be a matter for the self-government of each trade. Miners, railwaymen, cotton operatives—each of these would be organized into a guild and each of these guilds would be an area of separate administration. The common concerns of all would be matter for a National Guilds Congress, exactly as the common material of politics is today matter for Parliamentary determination. An elaborate technique of election is provided for the appointment and control of officials. The whole effort is to relate the individual to his work in the capacity of a human being not merely endowed with rights and responsibilities, but actually translating them into terms of everyday life. The argument is the simple thesis that if national sovereignty is politically true, it is economically true also. Upon the unshakable foundation of Harrington's insistence that political power is the handmaid of economic power, Mr. Cole urges that no democracy can in fact be real where industrial strength is, as now, concentrated in a few hands. It is for its democratization that he is above all concerned, and he convincingly points out the futility of any political process that thinks in terms of a different equation.

Nor does Mr. Cole neglect the period of transition. There is a sense, indeed, in which this is the most interesting part of his volume. He is free from the wanton idealism which views the trade unions as perfect. That is not a difficult belief when they are contrasted with the National Manufacturers' Association. But we have ceaselessly to remember that the retention of economic antiquarianism by the trade unions is at least as possible as its retention by the capitalist. The attitude of the Lancashire cotton-operatives to child-labor is an instance of this kind; and it is at least possible that we shall have to evolve bills of rights in which the fundamental notions of social justice are put beyond the reach of industrial peradventure. Mr. Cole realizes the danger of state-control. Social needs have broken the quasi-anarchy of a competitive industrial system and its place has been taken by two separate forms of management. On the one hand we have the continued management by private enterprise to which, under state supervision, certain profits are conceded. Here the danger obviously is lest this develop into a state-guaranty of the continuance of the present regime, or an unloading by the capitalist of his holdings upon the state. In either case we are met by the vast problems involved in national guaranties of the rate of interest, which may well prove an impossible charge upon the resources of the state.

Nor is the alternative of complete government control more inviting. For to surrender to state officials not merely political but also industrial administration is to create a bureaucracy more powerful than the world has ever seen. It is to apotheosize the patent voices of a government department. It is to make certain a kind of paternalism which, perhaps more than any other system would prevent the advent of the kind of individual freedom we desire. After all, we have had no light experience of the state. Municipally, it certainly is no less efficient than private industry; but, humanly speaking, there is little or no evidence that its administration is more democratic. The attitude of the London County Council to its carmen is hardly encouraging. The attitude of Mr. Burleson to the postal workers must give us pause. The long story of grievances in the French civil service is a record that no believer in state absorptiveness can contemplate with equanimity. The permanent official is no more blessed with an immediate appreciation of that hunger to determine the rule of its own life which is the source of labor's aspiration than is the private employer. Nor can anyone examine the record of the official in the present war and feel confident that he has any real solution to offer. On the contrary the one complaint on all hands is lack of confidence in him

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from those whose confidence is essential to the right conduct of industry. The centralization that state management would imply means the transference of all power within society to a class of guardians whose main object would be simply to secure the supply of consumers' needs. There would inevitably be an effort to play off group against group, to purchase office by favor; a lack of inventiveness by which, in every age, a bureaucracy is distinguished. Then, as now, the trade unions would be compelled to fight against an established order for the opportunity of self-expression. Yet Mr. Cole believes that it is by a partnership with the state that the unions will eventually secure control of industry. He thinks that strikes, political action, the consolidation of the unions, will little by little compel the employers to yield to a state in which the workers will come to have an increasing share. In the result, possibly, perhaps as a consequence of catastrophe, the triumph of labor will be assured.

It is a bold vision; yet he who in this age of miracles denied its possibility would be not less audacious. For the failure of parliamentary democracy in every country of the world is obvious. The definite determination of labor to possess the control of the state is patent to every observer. The dawning sense of a new and international solidarity among the workers becomes more apparent as the temporary exacerbation of war fever rolls away. Not that it will come at once. Few could seriously urge that the American Federation of Labor is today able adequately to fulfil its great functions. Its neglect of unskilled and casual labor is evidence of a narrow and unrealistic appreciation of the nature of the industrial struggle. The political pronouncements of its president may without difficulty be mistaken for those of the president of the National Security League. It wastes much of its time in internal friction. It does not sufficiently realize the immense possibilities of the theoretic basis of the Industrial Workers of the World. It is in social ideas at least a generation behind the English labor movement. It has nothing of the splendid intellectual fertility that distinguishes the labor movement of France. It has had no Pelloutier, no Griffuelhes; it has not produced middle-class interpreters of the vigor of Mr. Webb; it has had no prophets like Marx nor politicians like Lassalle; it badly needs the poetic idealism of William Morris. Yet it is a movement that each day grows more broad in outlook and more generous in aspiration. The real possibilities of American labor as the basis of the future American state can be seen only by those who go among the mineworkers of Illinois or the garment-workers of New York. It is there one can find the eager hopes and patient determination which one day may fructify into the event. No man may catch that vision once and put aside his democratic faith.

This, in substance, Mr. Cole has realized. There is, indeed, much in his book that ought to be absent from it. He does not seem to understand the elementary rules of controversial courtesy. He writes with a cheap flippancy about his opponents that is as unpleasant as it is undignified. Granted that Mr. Cole does not like Mr. Webb, it is still possible for him to remember that without Mr. Webb's work, not a single line of his book could have been written. It is still worth while for him to bear in mind that no one has done more in the last thirty years to secure the passage of the English state towards the realization of labor ideals. Mr. Barker had well explained that the Fabianism for which Mr. Cole has all the impatience of a recent convert has played the part in English politics during the last generation of the Benthamism of the nineteenth century, and there is no higher praise. Nor is it advisable for Mr. Cole to defend his theory of a division of power by reference to the principle of the American constitution; for that, in actual experience, has been, save where it was disregarded, the parent of confusion and disaster. What he has written is so stimulating and suggestive that every reader will regret intrusions due either to bad temper or insufficient knowledge. And he will look eagerly for the development of a movement so big with promise.

H. J. L.

Prettiness De Luxe

Hill-Tracks, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

My Ship and Other Verses, by Edmund Leamy. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

Airs and Ballads, by John McClure. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

MR. GIBSON'S new volume of poems is one of the richest pieces of book-making that Macmillan & Co. have produced. It is also one of the poorest books that any poet has ever allowed to be printed. The surface of this poetry, like the physical format in which it is clothed, is dignified, fluent, graceful. But the grace has an air of conscious self-approval, and the fluency proceeds from an impetus no stronger than that of the law of inertia. Once started, Mr. Gibson's pleasant patter runs smoothly on till what at worst seemed superficial becomes patently artificial. It is this sense of forcing the mood and padding the emotion that spoiled one's pleasures in most of Mr. Gibson's other volumes. One resented it most keenly in his remarkably facile verses describing the working classes. In Livelihood one could find the fault solidified and reduced almost to a formula. There we were given a set of pictures of toil full of the stock properties of labor in literature: grimness, horror, sordidness, squalor. Intent on wringing the pathos from his daily tragedies, Gibson missed the common give-and-take of existence, the inconsequential moments that would have made his dexterous melodramas less mechanistic. In leaving out the casual and comedic elements, Gibson seemed to have forgotten that even in the darkest of mill-towns there is a sparkle of rude gaiety, a downright complaisance with, as well as an acceptance of life. Compare such of his earlier verse tales as The Betrothed and The Family Pride not with Synge's Riders to the Sea which is their obvious model, but with any of the rhymed narratives of Masefield or D. H. Lawrence. The difference is pitiful; it is the difference between histrionics and drama, between trying to grip a passion and being in the grip of one.

The trouble with this brand of verse is not technical but basic. Its failure lies in its being both factitious and false. Gibson, for all his voluminous eagerness, does not live in his working people. He never really loves them; scarcely understands them. He merely exploits them. They are scarcely people at all—merely subjects. In exaggerating certain qualities in their lives, he has distorted the life out of them. His human beings are often so charged with despair, weariness, pathos and poetry that they seem full of anything but humanity.

Returning to the present volume, one finds the same false realism applied to nature. Taking his cue from Frost or

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possibly more directly from Thomas, Davies and Hodgson, he has, like them, gone to the simplicity of the soil for a new revelation. But where in Frost and Thomas we saw the poet fervently in love with earth, in Gibson we see nothing but the poet more or less determined to fall in love with it. Page after page is filled with such vapid lyrics as:

Curlew calling down the slack,
When grey rains are falling,
From the bitter town and black,
Curlew, I am coming back,
Curlew calling!

Hawk a-hover on the wind,
Look for me, your lover,
Come from barren ways and blind,
Where men seek but never find,—
Hawk a-hover!

or such incredibly verbose and empty measures as:

From the top of Hartsgarth Fell
Runs the Tarras Burn—
Tinkling fall and golding pool—
Through the heather and the fern,
Calling, calling, clear and cool,
Tarras Water calling,
Tarras Water falling,
Tarras Water calling, calling—
Tarras Water, Tarras Water!

There are not many undergraduates in America who could have produced lines as monotonous and banal as these. It seems as though Gibson, failing to see the difference between what is child-like and merely childish, cannot let the proper name of a single poetic-sounding village pass without tacking a "poem" to it. Deadwater, Witch's Linn, Candle Gate, Sundaysight, Scatterpenny, Devilswater, Pity Me, Clattering Ford, Fallowfield Fell, Lovelady Shield—the names themselves are far more arresting than any of the common-place rhymes that pretend to amplify them. One would get a more genuinely poetic thrill upon seeing "Yeavering Bell" in a timetable than seeing it as the title of a poem that runs:

Just to see the rain
Sweeping over Yeavering Bell
Once again!

Just to see again,
Light break over Yeavering Bell
After rain.

In Hill-Tracks Gibson has turned from his urban explorations to exploit the English countryside. And the result is not a book of poetry at all but a collection of pretty patterns which might be used to advantage in some polite kindergarten of verse.

Mr. Leamy's volume, less pretentious physically, is even more sweetly elementary. In an introduction to it, Katharine Tynan Hinkson writes that the book contains nothing that is not "clean and good." But, admirable as these qualities are, it takes something more than unsullied respectability to achieve poetry. The theory that the good is always beautiful is not helped by such music-hall sentimentality as:

Do you miss me as I miss you?
Tell me, little maiden, true.

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Is your life a dream devoid,
Empty of all bliss-enjoyed
Bygone days? Is Faith destroyed?

If your world seems so to be,
Then I know you long for me
Half as much as I for thee!

Do you miss me, tell me true,
Half as much as I miss you?

Nor does Mr. Leamy's indubitable cleanliness bring his lines nearer godliness when they enshrine standards which have been discarded even in the Robert W. Service primers; philosophy as callow as:

Yet every one is friendly where the mountains kiss
the sky,
And every one is clean white to the core.

Over and over he repeats the hackneyed phrase, the outworn jingle, without the least desire to stop merely because all his tunes have been sung a few thousand times.

"So I will hum a melody, a mirthful little melody,
A joyous little melody that never yet was sung"

he writes; forgetting, on every succeeding page, to keep his promise.

Mr. McClure's verse, less saccharine than Mr. Leamy's, is scarcely more distinctive in flavor. Most of his songs are a synthetic blend of old tunes, and treacle; a thin mixture of Sara Teasdale, Percy's Reliques and Heinrich Heine grown maudlin. The freshest thing about the

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volume is H. L. Mencken's enthusiasm and that, unfortunately, appears only on the paper jacket. Inside, the pages are sticky with such sweetmeats as:

> The month can never forget the year;
> The moth can never forget the fire;
> And I can never forget my dear
> Lady of High Desire.
>
> The earth can never forget the sun;
> The day can never forget the night;
> And I can never forget the one
> Lady of My Delight.

Elsewhere there are efforts at a lyric other-worldliness; but Mr. McClure's is, at best, a cloying mysticism. For the greater part, the lines are full of a simpering regularity. They remind one of nothing so much as an air by Chaminade played on a metronome.

L. U.

Recent War Books

Serbia Crucified: The Beginning, by Lieutenant Milutin Krunich, with the aid in English idiom of Leah Marie Bruce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

HERE is a book that stirs the very depths of the soul. The world-old refrain, For there is no sorrow like unto her sorrow, echoes in our ears as we read this exquisitely tender account by a Serbian officer of the death of the Serbian heart—old, gray, good Nish. When the dreadful detonations at Belgrade began, Lieutenant Krunich lay in the trenches at Pirot and listened to the shivering noise which passed through the earth but could not be heard on the surface, knowing that it was the last dying quiver of the land he loved. The description of the fall of Nish offers excellent material for dramatization, though, to be sure, its spectacular sweep would practically transcend all the physical limits of stagecraft. Opening on an idyllic note and revealing the Serbian as the lover of peace and beauty and song, the scene swiftly grows dark with the thunder and smoke of battle—a tumult of breaking bones, crashing, crackling, splitting, shrieks of agony, calls for help, the groans of the dying—and ends with a night of Stygian darkness and orders for a general retreat. The Serbians had fought gallantly and desperately, yet by the game of destiny and the rule of ten to one they are driven back. In a hospital at Nish, just a few minutes before the Bulgarians let loose fire and hell and ruin that destroys a hundred years of life and liberty, Lieutenant Krunich stops to see his young friend, Spale the artist, mortally wounded. Spale recalls a little picture he painted in his ideal youth. "Do you remember my 'Fence'?" he asks. "The eternal, strong iron fence in this world which divides man from man. This is that which aches most in the heart of man." On one side of the fence is a rough and dusty road with millions of workers; on the other, a place of sunlight and abundance where live the aristocracy. Man is fighting for his life, for equality: the war is the attempt of the workers to destroy the fences. "When two opposite elements meet, an explosion has to come—the explosion is this world war, the explosion which will crush out twenty million lives, but will destroy the fences. You hear me—destroy the fences, for the flood of the blood of twenty millions has no hindrances." And because it is a war for liberty, Spale, as one of these twenty millions, is ready to die as in a sweet dream. Outside, the last Serbian soldiers are marching through Nish. They are silent. They know that the most suitable language for a tragedy is silence. Nor is the tragedy over. After the fall of Nish come new terrors, new battles, described in the succeeding three chapters, The Graveyard by the Morava, The Place of the Skull, and Our Child. And always the smoke of battle makes foul the pure air of God.

Two War Years in Constantinople: Sketches of German and Young Turkish Ethics and Politics, by Dr. Harry Stuermer; translated from the German by E. Allen and the author. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

AFTER six months of actual warfare and nearly two years of subsequent journalistic activity in Turkey, Dr. Stuermer decided to give to the world the story of what he calls his conversion to the cause of truth and civilization. A German by birth, he set out to do his military duty like the rest, when the war broke out, although he was never wholly in sympathy with the war aims of his country and felt from the very first that hers was a lost cause. His final and complete change came with the realization of her responsibility for the Armenian atrocities. His indictment of the moral sordidness of the German-Young-Turkish system is severe and unrelenting. Nor is his book dashed off in the white heat of passion, for he explains that he struggled long with himself before he decided to write the account that cuts him off perhaps forever from friends and relatives and property in Germany and Austria-Hungary. He gives a clear and vivid description of the outstanding features of the present Young Turkish Government and their dependents and finds pan-Turkism the governing passion of all the leading men of the day. Outwardly, this idea is a striving for a Greater Turkey; inwardly, it is a fanatical desire for a general nationalizing of commercial life and public intercourse. Enver and Talaat are described as jingoists on the Ittahad (Committee for Union and Progress), and upstarts without any schooling in political history. An interesting contrast is given between the ideal of Turanism and the conflicting ideals of Germany for Turkey. Germany, Dr. Stuermer contends, would like to keep her heavy hand on her ally; the idea of Turanism, however, means greater political and territorial expansion, especially toward Russian Central Asia, to the extent that it becomes almost anti-German in its practical application.

Captured. Sixteen Months as a Prisoner of War, by Lieut. J. Harvey Douglas. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

"'AS usual I suppose you are worried to death because you are not receiving any mail from me, but we cannot find time to write while fighting in the trenches,' wrote one of the American boys in France back to his sister at home." This is a book which must appeal to all who must wait for news from the front. It is an account by Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas of his experiences during the long months when no news came through from him. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Sanctuary Wood and was the first Canadian soldier to be repatriated under the new scheme arranged at the Hague last spring. So much of what he tells is amusing and

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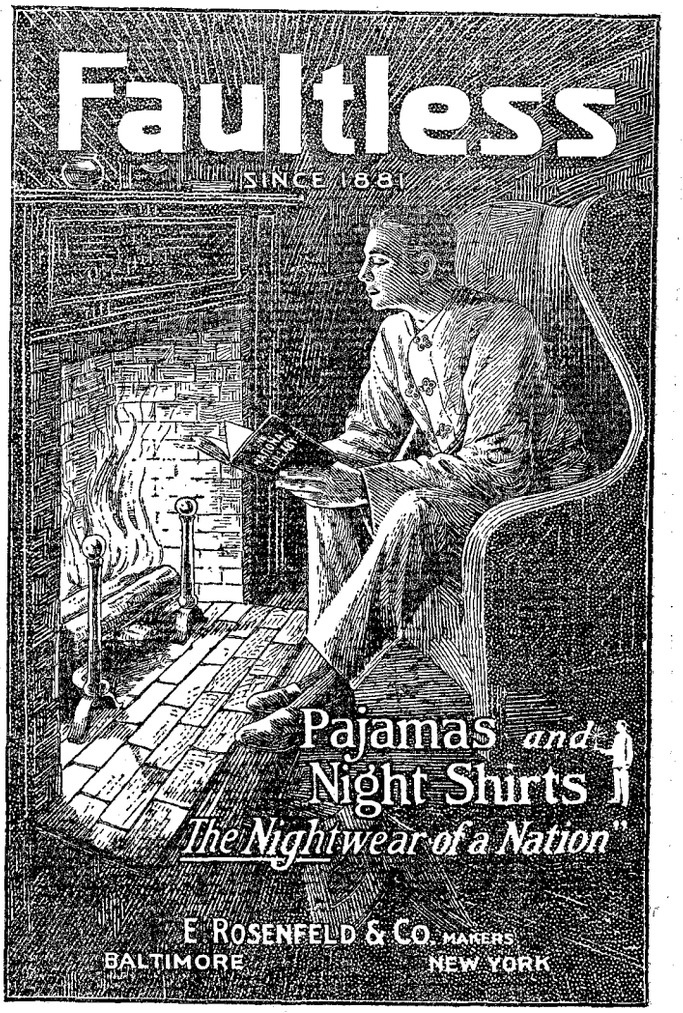

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LVX ET
VERITAS

IN an address delivered by an American at the Sorbonne recently, the three slides that caused the greatest excitement in the French audience were: a picture of the British, French, and American flags being carried around the Yale Bowl by the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in Field Artillery; a picture of Captain Dupont training the Yale R. O. T. C. men in the use of the French 75 mm. guns, which were presented to the University by the French Government and which were the first to arrive in this country; and last and most enthusiastically received, a reproduction of the title page of "The Undying Spirit of France." This is a translation of *"Les Traits Éternels de la France,"* by Maurice Barrès, published by the Yale University Press.*

War books continue to be in the greatest demand and "A Book of Verse of the Great War," edited by W. Reginald Wheeler, and published by the same organization, has now had to be reprinted within six months of publication.† The Yale University Press also has in preparation the Seventh Printing of "The Diplomatic Background of the War, 1870-1914," by Charles Seymour.†

* *Cloth, 80 cents net.* † *Cloth, $2.00 net*

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buoyant that he makes prison life seem by no means unendurable, even though the Prussian treatment of prisoners of war is often not humane. He urges a more free and generous exchange of prisoners between belligerent nations. He is convinced that there will never be peace in any part of the world until the brutality of the Prussian spirit of militarism is stamped out.

The Red Cross Barge, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

SINCE the Herr Doktor had left Weimar, we are told, he had not seen a so-awakening-to-the-better-feelings and pleasant-to-the-senses-of-man sight as was the French golden-haired girl whom he later made several futile attempts to engage in general beneficial-to-the-intellect and pleasantly-agreeable-to-the-cultured-mind conversation. What happens thereafter, in the story of The Red Cross Barge, only one type of reader will ever know—the reader who has patience enough to plod through word combinations like this and find amusement in characterizations so broad and blunt that they verge on the burlesque. This insistent emphasis on the would-be humor of the Germanization of language crowds out the elements in the plot that have real subtlety and quite unfits the reader to accept its growing intensity. And yet there is an interesting story here, of how the Herr Doktor learned to love the French Red Cross nurse, sacrificing pride for her sake and suffering humility at the sight of the disorderly German retreat from Paris, every moment fearing that his countrymen would do something that would disgrace him, as one of them, forever in her eyes.

Under Four Flags for France, by George Clarke Musgrave. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE is a veteran in warfare and has seen fighting the world over, but he confesses himself totally appalled at the wanton murder committed under the German system, which gives no benefit of a doubt. Many of the stories he has collected tell of the sufferings of Americans in Belgium. They supplement and add interest to his analysis of the virtues and defects of the offensive strategy which limited the German invasion of France and pushed it back to the frontier. Like half the war books, Under Four Flags for France is perhaps too technical to be wholly popular and too popular to be history.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XIII, which is completed with this number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the NEW REPUBLIC, *421 West 21st street, New York City.*

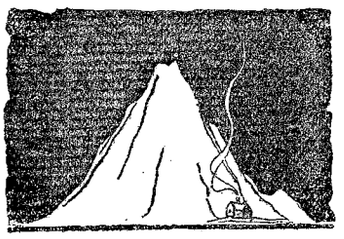
Contributors

WILLIAM HARD—A writer on public affairs now investigating problems of organization in Washington for the New Republic.

THEODORE E. BURTON—Former Senator from Ohio, President of the Merchants National Bank of New York.

JOHN DEWEY—Professor of philosophy at Columbia University. Author of Democracy and Education, and other books on education and metaphysics.

LEO STEIN—An American who has lived much in France and Italy and has made a life study of painting.



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